

GRIFFIN



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THE
GRIFFIN

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Roycemore School
Evanston, Illinois

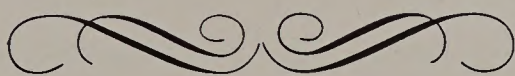
1942
Volume XXV



In deepest appreciation for her kindness, patience, and helpful understanding during our four years in Roycemore, we, the Class of 1942, affectionately dedicate this volume of *The Griffin* to MISS MARIE HJERMSTAD.

The CLASS of 1942 is very pleased to be Mrs. Preston's first graduating class. This year has been her first as principal of Roycemore, although she was associate principal under Miss Ashley.

She has made a few changes, but none to break the traditions that Roycemore is known for and that make the school so dear to all who have attended it in past years. We congratulate her for being able to take over her new position with the assurance and knowledge that made it seem as if she had always been principal; and we are honored to have spent our senior year under her guidance. We shall be very proud to say, "We are Mrs. Preston's first graduating class." We hope that we can make her as proud of us.





We wish to express our deepest thanks to those whose generosity as Patrons has made possible the publication of THE GRIFFIN for 1942.

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Associate Editor	Julie Zischke
Business Manager	Judith Gillfillan
Senior Editor	Jean Hendry
Assistant Business Manager	Geraldine Tabin
Literature	Thérèse Jordan
Photographs	Jeanne Goushá
Quotations	Babs Thomas
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Snapshots	<div> Corinne Veale Jacqueline McCurdy Pat Harbrecht </div>
Junior Advertiser	Joan Moore

Faculty

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MISS MARY E. BARCLAY	Associate Principal, Lower School
MISS ANNE HOLMES	Associate Principal, Primary School
MISS LOUISE HAGERTY	Latin
MRS. LAWRENCE S. WRIGHT	English
MISS ELIZABETH JEAN COX	English
MISS DOROTHY CAHILL	French
MRS. JOHN G. McALLISTER	French
MISS MARION MCKENZIE	History
MISS KATHARINE L. PARKS	Mathematics
MRS. DOROTHY HINMAN HIND	Mathematics, Latin
MISS FLORENCE WARNEKE	Science
MISS FLORENCE NUSSBAUM	Seventh Form
MISS MILDRED HOLT	Fifth and Sixth Forms
MISS LULU LANGSTON	Second Form
MISS EMMA HOLMES	First Form
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MRS. G. LEONARD SULLY	Lower School and Primary French
MISS MARIE HJERMISTAD	Physical Training
MISS NATALIE ROCKMAN	Physical Training
MISS ELINOR RICE	Drama
MISS MADI BACON	Music
MRS. P. B. KOHLSAAT	Music
MISS FRANCES BADGER	Art
MRS. MARIE HAMER	Piano
MRS. THOMAS S. McKEOWN	Librarian
MISS MILDRED SPRAGUE	Secretary and Bookkeeper
MISS H. EVELYN ROBINSON	Secretary
MISS MADELEINE H. EYLAND	Director of Lunchroom
MISS CLARISSA SMITH	School Nurse



Senior Prophecy

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS FROM THE SCRAPBOOK OF AN INTERESTED BYSTANDER

Judith Gillfillan newly elected to Congress. The majority of her votes were cast by the male portion of the population. Congresswoman Gillfillan stated that she would endeavor to have shorter hours for workingmen to prevent them from becoming weary.

Students at Dartmouth break precedent by unanimously electing Miss Jeanne Goushá dean of men. Miss Goushá fitted herself for her newly acquired position by making an active study of Dartmouth men and their habits.

Miss Weona Armstrong wins nationwide bridge tournament. Spectators noticed Miss Armstrong's sensational technique at the bridge table. She lulls her opponents into false security by glaring at her own partner. It is also rumored that on several occasions during her career she *has* trumped her partner's ace.

In a communiqué issued today from somewhere in Russia it was reported that Miss Thérèse Jordon is bringing comfort and solace to the sons of Stalin. She introduced boogy-woogy to the higher-ups in the Russian government, and put to flight ten crack German divisions by her playing.

Plans for new bomb sight going ahead with amazing rapidity. In what few moments Flight Commander Thomas can snatch from instructing the youth of America in flying and other fields, she is perfecting plans for a new bomb sight. She is also much interested in introducing a workable plan comparable to student government in the O.P.M. office.

Year's greatest sacrifice to science. While working late in her laboratory on her newest formula for anaesthesia, Miss Gloria Craver was "overcome" by the success of her experiment. Small funeral services for near friends and relatives will be held this afternoon.

CHICAGO PRATTLE folds. Editor Hendry explains that by the time she had

the news collected it was so stale no one would buy the paper. "Hence, bankruptcy," she said, shrugging her shoulders, and going on to greater things.

Wife of outstanding member of the Naval Reserve, the former Janet Linthicum, wins Irish Sweepstakes. When photographed surrounded by her eleven children, she was asked what she would do with the money. She replied that she was going to buy hubby an admiralship.

Berenice Fleischmann was elected today official "Health Girl of America." She attributed her success to the mashing of one cake in a glass of tomato juice.

Only woman member of the Chicago Blackhawks' hockey team, Janet Morrissey, stated reason for her success. "When I'm carrying the puck, I put on my best smile," said she, "and no one touches me."

Miss Peggy Wickman leaves for Hollywood today where she will make speeches on "Culinary Hints for the Bride-to-Be." Miss Wickman has a knack of preparing unusually tasty smörgasbord.

The Countess Montmorency Torrence de Smultz, née Billie Williamson, has just returned from an extended tour of the Riviera. She is now planning to make the rounds of the army camps and sing to the boys. Said she, "I always believe in bringing a little ray of sunshine into every man's life."

Season's most possible débutante, Miss Joan Harris, is having her farewell banquet tonight. Miss Harris is leaving for Africa where she will attempt to convert the natives to Christianity, and make them into useful little helpers. She is taking a supply of blackboards for the blacks.

Leader of the "400," Miss Barbara Ives, will entertain with the president of the Woman's Club, Miss Pearl Anne Wieboldt, tonight at a "masquerade." The two hostesses are expected to come together, dressed as Little Bo Peep and The Big Bad Wolf.

Globe trotter Corinne Veale today returned from an extended trip to Egypt. Miss Veale has been traveling for 10 years. When asked

if she were considering marriage, she replied, "Certainly not, I can't waste my valuable time on such dribble!"

The Blondie Sisters, who revealed today that their names were Carolyn Conley and Shirley Dean, are drawing huge crowds to the theatre in which they are playing. They have been mainly responsible for the revival of the "boomps-a-daisy."

A newcomer to the stage, Miss Shirley Jean

Robinson, whose performances in ingenue roles have been taking the country by storm. There hasn't been such an ovation since Wee Bonnie Baker.

The circus is in town. One of the main attractions in the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus is the new girl lion-tamer. She's fierce, she's mean, and she really makes those lions roll over for her. Her name is Peggy Bradley.



Class Will

*We, the class of '42,
Have upheld the gold and blue,
And from our hearts so kind and true
Bequeath the following things to you:*

Jean Hendry leaves her wealth of knowledge to Pat Holloway.
Babbie leaves her love for the R.A.F. to Barbara Dennis.
Tillie leaves her ape pictures to Evaro Sherritt with love.
Cuzie leaves her sophistication and glamour to Betty Gray.
Berenice leaves her room in the St. Francis Hospital to Dill and J. Z.
The Seniors leave Goodman's record of "The Jersey Bounce" to the daisy chain
in hopes that it will help them "keep the joint jumpin'."
Barby leaves her diet of double-decker ice cream cones to Johanna Burr, hop-
ing that she, too, will profit by them.
The algebra class leaves the \$64 question to Miss Parks.
The History class leaves 1/2 dozen oranges to Miss McKenzie.
Peg leaves a picture of Dick Saunders and a bottle of smelling salts to Marcia
Sullivan.
Therese leaves her animation and dramatic gestures to Gerry Rasmussen.
Carolyn leaves her dignity to the Sophomore Class.
Billie leaves her collection of pins to the Pirie twins.
The physics class leaves its ability to grasp immediately any difficult problem.
Jeanne leaves her indispensable comb to Ginny Russell.
Pearl leaves Sue Potts a scooter to solve her transportation problem.
Shirley Dean leaves her nail polish to Winnie Stene.
Judy leaves her Friday middy to Anne Haskell.
Janet Morrissey leaves her ability to hear all evil, see all evil, yet speak *no evil*
to Judy Peake.
Linth leaves.
So in spite of priorities the seniors re-tire.

JEANNE GOUSHA - PRESIDENT
Billie Williamson - vice pres. + secretary
Shirley Jean Robinson - Treasurer
Anne Tilden - Representative

ROYCEMORE GRIFFIN



SENIORS



Weona Armstrong

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.



Peggy Bradley

Deep as the seas, tender and true,
Firm as the firmest, one of the few.



Carolyn Conley

Angels are painted fair to look like you,
Of sweet intelligence, purity, and truth.



Gloria Jeanne Craver

A true friend is forever a friend.



Shirley Dean

I have a heart with room for every joy.



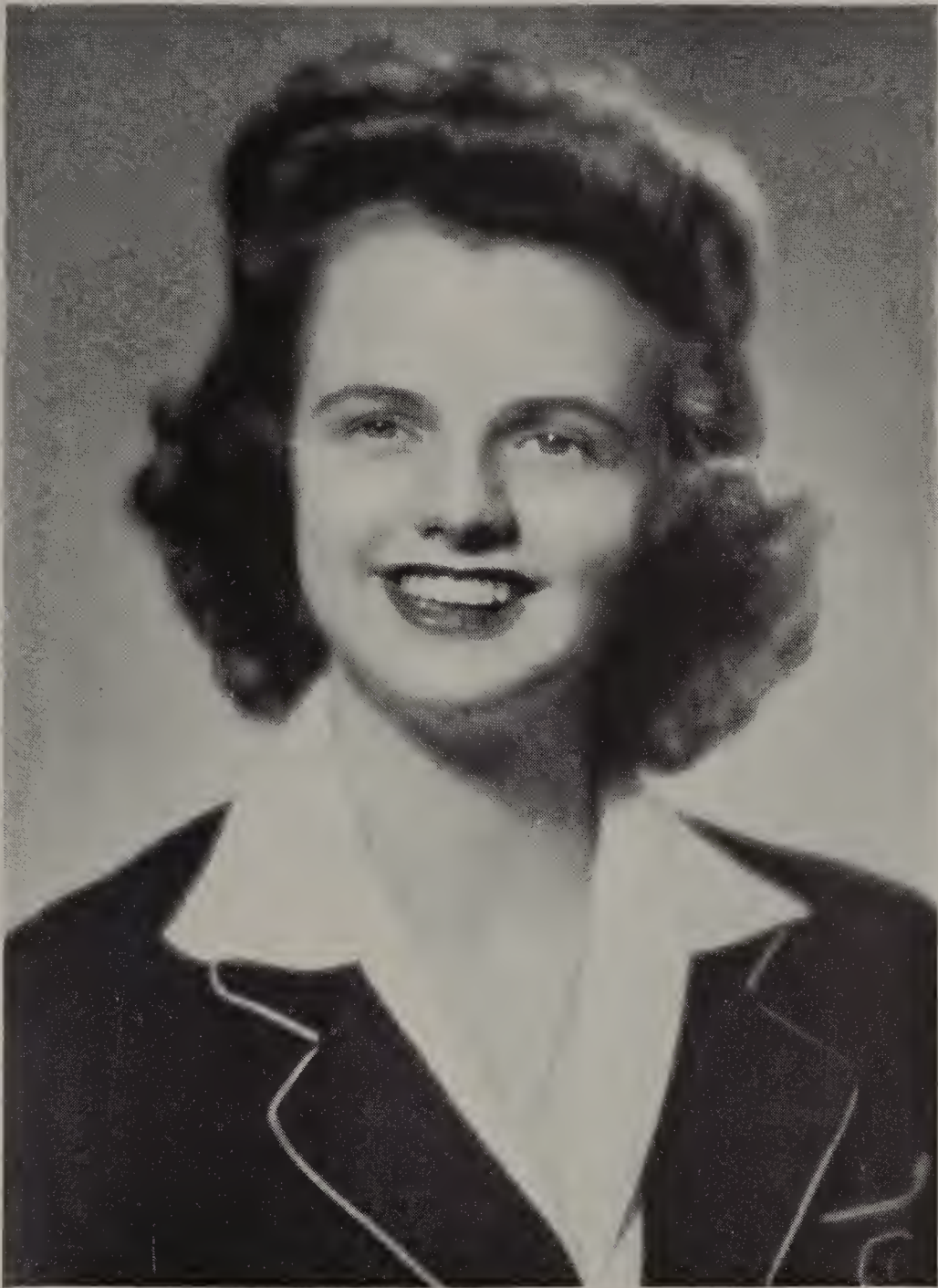
Berenice Fleischmann

To all always open, always true.



Judith Gillfillan

Merry, mischievous, not very tall,
And wherever she goes, well liked by all.



Jeanne Goushá

She is pretty to walk with, witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.



Joan Holabird Harris

My heart is ever at your service.



Jean Clare Hendry

Who mixed reason with pleasure,
And wisdom with mirth.



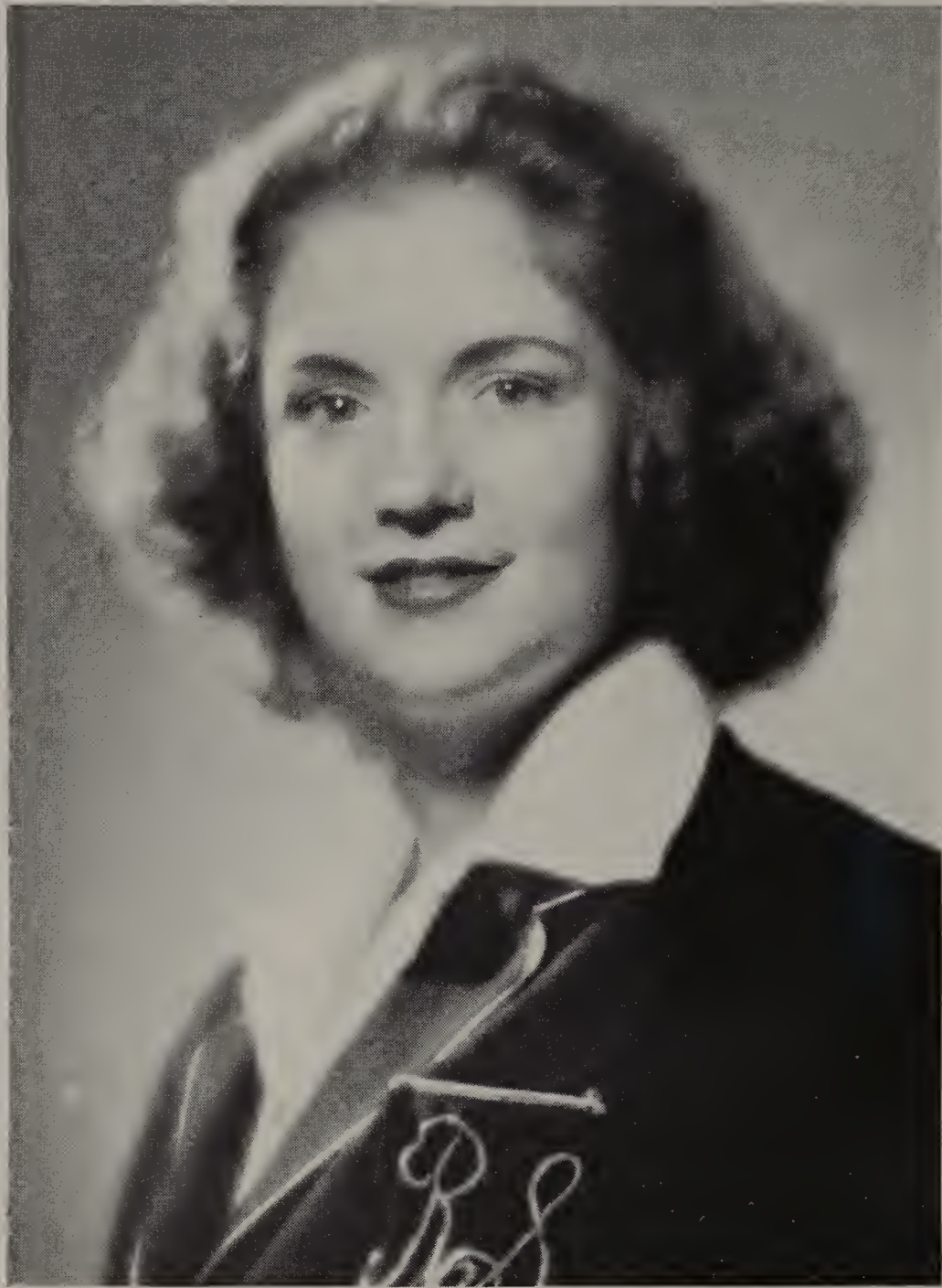
Barbara Holley Ivey

Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair.



Thérèse Jordan

As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute.



Janet Delano Linthicum

A lovely lady garmented in light from her own beauty.



Janet Morrissey

Her care is never to offend,
And every being is her friend.



Shirley Jean Robinson

The mildest of manners, the greatest of hearts.



Babs Thomas

An Eastern wizard made you
Of earth, and stars, and fire.



Anne Tilden

A rare compound of frolic and fun,
To relish a joke and rejoice at a pun.



Corinne Loraine Veale

I would be friends with you, and have your love.



Peggy Wickman

Always laughing, always gay,
She'll bring sunshine on her way.



Pearl Anne Wieboldt

She is kind as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness.



Ann Marie Williamson

None knew thee but to like thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

UPPER SCHOOL



Eleventh Form

First Semester

President Bette Dilling
 Vice-President Jacqueline McCurdy
 Secretary-Treasurer Gerry Tabin
 Representative Joan Moore

Second Semester

Patsy Harbrecht
 Ann Johnson
 Gerry Tabin
 Nancy Nock

Josephine Alther
 Diane Chamberlaine
 Alyce Claghorn
 Virginia Daniels
 Bette Dilling
 Anamary Evans
 Shirley Fitzgerald

Patsy Harbrecht
 Pat Holloway
 Ann Johnson
 Jacqueline McCurdy
 Joan Moore
 Nancy Mueller
 Nancy Nock

Judy Peake
 Sue Potts
 Gerry Rasmussen
 Ginny Russell
 Sally Siegmund
 Gerry Tabin
 Julie Zischke



Tenth Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Eloise Hughes	Margaret Jo Laird
Vice-President	Suzanne Edwards	Halle Harrington
Secretary-Treasurer	Jeanette Kempf	Joan Burgess
Representative	Mary Lou Ruxton	Louise Grulee

Joan Burgess
Joan Castle
Barbara Dennis
Suzanne Edwards
Louise Grulee

Halle Harrington
Eloise Hughes
Jeanette Kempf
Margaret Jo Laird
Priscilla Moore

India Parkhill
Martha Pirie
Nancy Pirie
Mary Lou Ruxton
Edith Seaman



Ninth Form

First Semester

President Joan Becker
 Vice-President Helen Spooner
 Secretary Treasurer Sally Snyder
 Representative Marcia Sullivan

Second Semester

Marilyn Dean
 Patricia Kerr
 Joan Becker
 Janis Hays

Joan Ann Becker
 Johanna Burr
 Clair Curtis
 Katharine Dawes
 Marilyn Dean
 Dorothy Donian

Betty Gray
 Ann Haskell
 Janis Hays
 Mary Kay Hough
 Patricia Kerr
 Edith Klyn
 Sallie Saunders

Evaro Sherritt
 Sally Snyder
 Helen Spooner
 Anne Stafford
 Winifred Stene
 Marcia Sullivan

ACTIVITIES



The Student Government Association

STUDENT GOVERNMENT OFFICERS

President	Babs Thomas
Vice-President	Virginia Russell
Secretary	Peggy Bradley
Treasurer	Barbara Dennis

MEMBERS

First Semester

Joan Becker	Joan Moore
Peggy Bradley	Shirley Jean Robinson
Carolyn Conley	Mary Lou Ruxton
Bette Dilling	Sally Snyder
Suzanne Edwards	Helen Spooner
Jeanne Goushá	Marcia Sullivan
Eloise Hughes	Geraldine Tabin
Thérèse Jordan	Anne Tilden
Jeanette Kempf	Billie Williamson
Jacqueline McCurdy	

Second Semester

Joan Becker	Ann Johnson
Peggy Bradley	Thérèse Jordan
Joan Burgess	Pat Kerr
Carolyn Conley	Margaret Jo Laird
Marilyn Dean	Nancy Nock
Jeanne Goushá	Shirley Jean Robinson
Louise Grulee	Geraldine Tabin
Pat Harbrecht	Anne Tilden
Halle Harrington	Billie Williamson
Janis Hays	



Roycemore Athletic Association

The purpose of the R. A. A. is to work with the Physical Education Department to secure the health and physical vigor of the school. The Association stands for a high physical ideal; informs its members concerning physical training and hygiene; encourages them to form rational habits of life; promotes play and athletics; and endeavors to extend and raise the standards of the gymnasium work done in school.

This Association is backed by Miss Hjermstad, who is the best example of good sportsmanship and loyalty any group could have.

ATHLETIC BOARD

President	Shirley Jean Robinson
Vice-President	Joan Moore
Secretary	Nancy Mueller
Treasurer	Shirley Fitzgerald
Head of Hockey	Nancy Nock
Head of Basketball	Pat Holloway
Head of Baseball	Berenice Fleischmann
Head of Track	Janet Morrissey
Head of Health	Bette Dilling
Head of Miscellaneous Activities	Joan Burgess
Head of Hiking	Anne Tilden
Student Government Representative	Shirley Jean Robinson
Faculty Adviser	Miss Hjermstad

HOCKEY SCORES

INTERSCHOLASTIC

Roycemore vs. Kemper Hall

First Team	1-0	(Kemper)
Second Team	1-0	(Kemper)
Third Team	0-0	
Fourth Team	0-0	

Roycemore vs. North Shore Country Day School

First Team	4-0	(North Shore)
Second Team	3-0	(North Shore)

BASKETBALL SCORES

INTERSCHOLASTIC

Roycemore vs. Girls' Latin School of Chicago

First Team	50-22	(Girls' Latin)
Second Team	40-15	(Girls' Latin)

Roycemore vs. North Shore Country Day School

First Team	42-15	(North Shore)
Second Team	24-44	(North Shore)

CLASS TEAMS—TOURNAMENT

First Place	Juniors
Second Place	Seniors
Third Place	Sophomores
Fourth Place	Freshmen

INTRAMURAL BASEBALL FOR SPRING OF 1941

First Place	Sophomores
Second Place	Juniors

TRACK REPORT FOR THE SPRING OF 1941

First Place	Seniors
Second Place	Sophomores
Third Place	Juniors
Fourth Place	Freshmen

Awards For Spring of 1941

MEDALS—450 POINTS

Seniors

Austin
Brown
Klaner
Magie
McPherrin
Webb

Juniors

Fleischmann
Thomas

GOLD R—350 POINTS

Seniors

Bogan
Bogert
Ingram
Klaner
Sullivan
Webb

Juniors

Fleischmann
Gillfillan
Goushá
Thomas
Tilden

Sophomores

Fitzgerald
Mueller
Nock
Peake

BLUE "R"—250 POINTS

Seniors

Bogan
Bogert
Johnston
McKewen
Sherritt

Juniors

Fleischmann
Gillfillan
Goushá
Morrissey
Robinson
Veale

Sophomores

Fitzgerald
Holloway
McCurdy
Moore
Mueller
Nock
Peake
Tabin

NUMERALS—125 POINTS

Seniors

M. Harbrecht
Johnston
McKewen
Mellor

Juniors

Armstrong
Conley
Fleischmann
Goushá
Ives
Jordan
Patton
Wieboldt

Sophomores

Alther
Chamberlaine
Daniels
Dilling
Evans
P. Harbrecht
Holloway
Lane
McCurdy

Freshmen

Burgess
Frost
Hughes
Laird
M. Pirie
N. Pirie



Hockey Squad

Seniors
 Johnston
 Ryan
 Webb
 Bowman
 Richardson
 Austin
 Klaner
 Bogan

Juniors
 Thomas
 Fleischmann
 Conley
 Morrissey
 Dean
 Veale
 Harris
 Tilden

Sophomores
 Chamberlaine
 Buckley
 Mueller
 Holloway
 Fitzgerald
 Moore
 Wynekoop
 Nock

Freshmen
 Ruxton
 B. Bogan
 N. Pirie
 Burgess
 Grulee
 Edwards
 Dennis
 Seaman



Basketball Squad

First Team

Mueller—Captain
Holloway
Nock
Chamberlaine
Fitzgerald
Moore
McCurdy
Tilden
Dean

Second Team

Morrissey—Captain
Hendry—Co-Captain
Tabin
Linthicum
Thomas
Gillfillan
Ruxton

SUBSTITUTES

Gray
Kerr
Hough
Burgess
Grulec
Pirie



Mask and Dirk Board Members

PresidentPeggy Bradley
 SecretaryCorinne Veale
 TreasurerBabs Thomas
 Head of Stage..Berenice Fleischmann

Head of PropertiesBarbara Ives
 Head of Costumes ...Thérèse Jordan
 Head of Lights.....Carolyn Conley
 Head of Make-UpShirley Dean

MEMBERS OF MASK AND DIRK

Alther	Fitzgerald	Jordon	Sherritt
Bradley	Fleischmann	Kempf	Saunders
Chamberlaine	Grulee	Laird	Spooner
Conley	Harbrecht	McCurdy	Sullivan
M. Dean	Harrington	Moore	Tabin
S. Dean	Haskell	Mueller	Thomas
Dennis	Hays	Nock	Tilden
Dilling	Hendry	Peake	Veale
Edwards	Ives	Robinson	Weiboldt
Evans	Johnson	Russell	Zischke



Glee Club Board

President	Thérèse Jordan
Vice-President and Secretary	Ann Williamson
Treasurer	Geraldine Tabin
Librarian	Nancy Nock
Mistress of the Robes	Bette Dilling



Glee Club

Every person feels the need of some outside interest or activity which encourages the good use of leisure time. A well organized Glee Club serves this purpose by providing each individual member with the opportunity to enjoy group singing, gain an education in choral literature, develop the ability to read music at sight, and quicken her perception of good tone and good pitch. The Glee Club fosters friendship among its members through the medium of a common interest; and a deep satisfaction is felt by each individual in knowing her music and being able to hold her own part well in the creating of a perfect performance.

MEMBERS

First Sopranos

Josephine Alther
Bette Dilling
Shirley Fitzgerald
Betty Gray
Joan Harris
Nancy Nock
Judy Peake
Shirley Jean Robinson
Winifred Stene
Geraldine Tabin

Second Sopranos

Dorothy Donian
Thérèse Jordan
Patricia Kerr
Margaret Jo Laird
Babs Thomas
Corinne Veale
Ann Williamson

Altos

Anamary Evans
Jeanne Goushá
Pat Holloway
Janet Morrissey
Sue Potts
Mary Lou Ruxton
Anne Tilden
Pearl Anne Wieboldt

Primary and Lower School Palio 1942

JUDGES:

Mrs. GleasonNorth Shore Country Day School, Winnetka
Miss Frances LetheanCentral School, Glencoe
Miss Eleanor KestinEvanston Bureau of Recreation

The American flag carried by Babs Thomas, President of Roycemore Commonwealth.

The Palio Banner carried by the officers of the winning class for 1941.

Miss Natalie Rockman, Director of Physical Education in the Primary and Lower Schools.

PRIMARY SCHOOL PLACES

Posture: Fourth Form Daily Work: Second Form

LOWER SCHOOL PLACES

<i>Posture</i>	<i>Palio</i>
1st PlaceEllen De Moe	In the competition between the fifth and Sixth Forms Palio Award was won by Sixth Form, and in the competition between the Seventh and Eighth Forms, Palio Banner was won by the Eighth Form.
2nd PlaceJeanne Hansmann	
3rd PlaceMary Jane Steele	
4th PlaceEstelle Blunt	

Upper School Palio

JUDGES:

Miss Helen C. JamesDirector, Warwick Woods Camp
Miss Fay JasmanNorthwestern University
Miss Mary ThompsonHighland Park High School

The American flag carried by Babs Thomas, President of the Roycemore Commonwealth.

The Palio Banner carried by Caroline Johnson and Elizabeth Austin, members of the winning class of the Palio for 1941.

Miss Marie Hjermstad, director.

PLACES

<i>Posture</i>	<i>Palio</i>
1st Place, Tie—Shirley Fitzgerald Anne Haskell	1st Place—Juniors
2nd Place, Barbara Dennis	2nd Place—Seniors
3rd Place, Tie—Joan Harris Carolyn Conley	3rd Place—Sophomores
4th Place, Corinne Veale	4th Place—Freshmen



Red Feather Club

PresidentAnne Tilden
 Vice-PresidentNancy Nock
 Secretary and TreasurerDiane Chamberlaine

Armstrong
 Bradley
 Fleischmann
 Gillfillan
 Goushá
 Ives
 Linthicum
 Robinson
 Thomas

Tilden
 Veale
 Wickman
 Williamson
 Chamberlaine
 Dilling
 Evans
 Fitzgerald
 Harbrecht
 Johnson

McCurdy
 Nock
 Peake
 Russell
 Dean
 Hays
 Saunders
 Sherritt
 Sullivan

Class Activity

The major activity of the Senior Class was a program of one-act plays, presented Friday, February 20th, with the members of the drama clubs of the various North Shore high schools invited as guests.

One project of Mask and Dirk this year has been the organization of a group of drama clubs representing various North Shore schools. The purpose of this group is to promote understanding of the aims and achievements of the schools represented, and to arrange each year two or more meetings at which dramatic programs will be presented. The response to this innovation was most gratifying.

The plays given were *Family Album*, by Noel Coward, and *When You Marry the Navy*, by John Kirkpatrick. Widely different in theme and mood, they formed an unusual

and interesting program. Noel Coward's satiric comedy dealt with external family loyalties, and the second play was a hilarious comedy about the wives and sweethearts of the men in the Navy.

The cast of *Family Album*: Carolyn Conley, Jean Hendry, Thérèse Jordan, Corinne Veale, Barbara Ives, Shirley Robinson, Peggy Wickman, Janet Linthicum, Billie Williamson.

The cast of *When You Marry the Navy*: Jeanne Goushá, Anne Tilden, Weona Armstrong, Shirley Dean, Babs Thomas, Judy Gillfillan, Peggy Bradley, Pearl Anne Wieboldt.

The Mask and Dirk Board will have produced ten plays by the end of the year. Great emphasis has been placed on using many students in the casts. The plays that have been produced are:

The Red Velvet Goat—Carolyn Conley, Shirley Dean, Thérèse Jordan, Babs Thomas, Corinne Veale, Betty Dilling, Anamary Evans, Patsy Harbrecht, Jacqueline McCurdy, Nancy Nock, Gerry Tabin, Julie Zischke, Suzanne Edwards, Louise Grulee, Jeanette Kempf, Mary Lou Ruxton, Marilyn Dean.

The Slippers of Cinderella—Barbara Dennis, Eloise Hughes, Janis Hays, Mary Kay Hough, Patricia Kerr, Edith Klyn, Evaro Sherritt, Anne Stafford, Marcia Sullivan.

Family Album and *When You Marry the Navy*.

Ghost Story—Margaret Jo Laird, Barbara Dennis, Ann Haskell, Evaro Sherritt, Sallie Saunders, K. O. Dawes, Halle Harrington, Winifred Stene, Marcia Sullivan, Sally Snyder, India Parkhill, Johanna Burr.

Sugar and Spice—Jeanette Kempf, Edith Seaman, Mary Lou Ruxton, Louise Grulee, Marilyn Dean.

Escape, by Galsworthy, is next on the program.



Roycemore Alumnae News

"Where, oh where are the staid Alumnae" of the last three years? Scattered all over the United States in various "institutions of larnin'"—studying everything from home economics to architecture in over thirty-five different colleges.

And that's not all—we have four brand new brides: Barbara Lewis is now Mrs. William Henry Behrens. Her husband, a graduate of Wesleyan University, is down south with the Army.

Jean Morrissey was married last summer to Thomas Aylward III, a graduate of Westminster. Katharine Falley's husband is David Cook Phillips, who is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and Kent Law School.

Courtney Cook is with her family while her husband, Ensign Beverly Pattishall, is on duty aboard the *U. S. S. Swanson*. He was graduated from Northwestern and the University of Virginia Law School.

Two of the girls have recently announced their engagements: Ann Meissel to Ensign Lansing M. Hinrichs, a graduate of Purdue School of Engineering.

Jean Pirie to Alonzo Barnard Kight, who graduated from Harvard before he took his degree at Columbia Law School.

And—we have one future Roycemore-ite—Jean MacKay-Scott Sample, ex '39, has a new daughter, born early in 1942.

Now for the Coeds and Collegians:

MOST WENT EAST

To *Vassar*—Mari Guinan, Joan Huth, Nancy McCloud, Helen Speed, Margaret Walter, Laura Winston, Libby Austin, Martha Harbrecht, Caroline Johnson, and Joy Garrison, who is continuing her scholarship work.

To *Smith*—Jeanne Rodger, Bunny Byers, and Janet Ingram. Margaret Johnston is at *Wellesley*, and Nancy Delaney is nearby at *Radcliffe*.

Pine Manor has quite a contingent—Betty MacNeille, Mary McIntosh, Jane McBride, and Jean Morrissey all were graduated in June. Still there are Jane Bermingham, Mary Lou Harrison, Sue Page Hill, Kate Speed Kanaley, Darlene Foley, Joy McPherrin, and Jean Sullivan.

Connecticut—Bennette Freeman, Eleanor Counselman, and Shirley Mellor. *Wells*—Josephine Corcoran and Marjorie Hubachek, who is thinking of transferring to *Sarah Lawrence*.

Dorothy Amend was graduated from *Bradford* in June. Constance Klaner and Molly Nickell are still there.

At *Penn Hall* are Jean Kelly, Joan Mercer, and Evelyn Parkhill, and at *Skidmore*—Sally Bogan and Loraine Kirtland.

Betty Magie is at *Stoneleigh*; Madeline Porter at *Trinity*; Caroline Ericson at *Mount Vernon*; Arlee Rue Sherritt at *Bennett*; Charlene Mork at *Rosemont*.

SOME WENT WEST

To the *University of Arizona*—Pat Coburn and Joanne Reed, while Teasley Webb is at the *University of Colorado*, and Beverly Roach transferred to *Marymount* after two years at *Northwestern*.

On the coast are Jane Allan Loeb at *Scripps*, and Marjorie Amos at *Stanford*.

A FEW WENT SOUTH

To *Sweetbriar*—Dale Bogert and Joan Stover; and we find Ann Ballinger at *Rollins*.

To *National Park*, Barbara Patterson; *William and Mary*, Joan Schutter; and Nancy McKisson is at *Duke*.

AND THE REST STAYED NEAR HOME

At *Northwestern*—Sue Bishop, Doris Cassells, Jeanne Colburn, Sue Hastings, Marjorie Reimers, Helen Somerville, Dorothy Amend, Betty Doyle, and Jane McBride, who was one of Kay Falley's bridesmaids.

Martha Johnson and Jean Pirie are at *Chicago*; Betsy Brown and Aveline Bowman are at *Michigan*; and Blanche Vail and Nancy Ryan are at *Wisconsin* keeping up the Big Ten rivalry. Eleanor Paige Roby and Nancy Drake are at *Dennison*, and Virginia Brazier at *Monticello*.

These have one Roycemore girl apiece—*Career Institute*, Barbara Allen; *Lake Forest*, Mary Anderson; *Art Institute*, Janet Richardson; *Webster Schools*, Peggy Magie; *Ames*, Jema Avakian; and *Chicago Musical College*, Virginia Menger.



Senior Speeches

Weona Armstrong	Careers for Careerists
Peggy Bradley	Seals
Carolyn Conley	St. Petersburg, Russia
Gloria Craver	Anaesthetics
Shirley Dean	Nylon
Berenice Fleischmann	The German Government
Judy Gillfillan	Priorities
Jeanne Goushá	Freedom of Speech and of the Press
Joan Harris	My Trip to Old Mexico
Jean Hendry	The Russian Revolution
Barbara Ives	Recording
Thérèse Jordan	Sulfanilamide
Janet Linthicum	Termites
Janet Morrissey	Henry Christophe, King of Haiti
Babs Thomas	America's War Planes
Anne Tilden	Short Wave Radio to South America
Shirley Jean Robinson	Seeing-Eye Dogs
Corinne Veale	The Dance
Peggy Wickman	Mackinac
Pearl Anne Wieboldt	Humor
Billie Williamson	Crippled Children



LITERARY

ANYTHING FOR A STORY

The following story is true. It was told to me by a former newspaper man, a good friend of the family. I will tell it exactly as I can remember hearing it, in his own words.

"It began (he said) with a telephone call: 'Here's a tip! Safeblowers on Wabash Avenue, right across from the Coliseum—Rush!' Quickly hanging up, I grabbed my coat and hat and rushed out. I hailed a cab and told the driver to take flight.

"A block away from the place the cab stopped. I saw that the police had blocked off the street so that no one would be hurt, because there was so much shooting going on. They had trapped the men on the fifth floor of the building. Many of the policemen were on the roofs of the nearby buildings, shouting at the burglars.

"Keeping close to the buildings to avoid stray bullets, I ran quickly down the street to the place where the men were trapped. On reaching the building, I discovered an old friend of mine, a detective sergeant, on guard at the front door. He recognized me immediately.

"'Say, George, do you want to go upstairs? They're on the fifth floor fighting it out. Those birds sure are tough and you might get a good story.'

"I thought he was kidding me, as usual, so I said, 'Sure.'

"'O.K., I'll take you up myself.' If I had backed out then I would never have heard the last of it, so there was nothing to do but follow him.

"The hallway was black, except for an occasional spot-light flashing here and there. Stumbling blindly around, we finally reached the stairs, the winding kind. As we climbed upwards, I could hear men shouting. I well knew that each step was bringing us closer and closer to danger; nevertheless we rushed on. Just as we reached the level of the fifth floor we stopped, crouching there to watch what was going on. The police had cornered the safeblowers in a room and were breaking down the door. In the dark I could see many tiny spurts of light, indicating swift messengers of death.

"The sergeant in charge yelled, 'Once more,

boys, and we'll have it.' Just as the door was broken in, a sudden spray of bullets came from the room.

"Then I felt something hit me in the back and go shooting down my spine. 'I'm shot,' I screamed, 'I'm shot.' I could feel the blood going down between my shoulder blades. 'I'm getting out of here!' I shouted, 'story or no story—I'm a dying man.'

"Jumping, stumbling, falling down the stairs, six or seven steps at a time, I finally reached the bottom. As I leaned against the wall to support myself, I felt a small, hard lump of something pressing me in the back. Doing a combination of a conga and an Indian snake dance that any professional would have been proud of, I shook the object to the floor. I stooped, picked it up, and found that it was a bullet.

"Then I realized that I had not been shot at all. Evidently a hot slug, hitting the wall behind me, had bounced down my back, ripping a little of my flesh, and causing the sensation of a flow of blood. Then I went outside. After recovering my senses, I saw two of the safeblowers, the rest having been shot or captured, jumping from the fifth floor to the roof of a two-story rickety shack that seemed to be leaning on the building for support. One of the gangsters, a tall ape-like man with extremely long arms, made the other, a huge Negro, jump first. And then he jumped right on the back of the Negro. The latter opened the skylight of the shanty, and the two men jumped right into it. I reached the scene ahead of the police. The burglars had landed in a Negro dining room during supper, breaking the table, tumbling the mammy, the pickaninnies, mashed potatoes, pork chops, a red table cloth, and the invaders into one, messy heap. The pickaninnies fled and ran screaming from the room clinging frantically to their mammy. The two intruders, picking themselves up out of the mashed potatoes, pork chops, and broken furniture, dashed down the dark stairway.

"'Stop or I'll shoot you daid,' someone called.

"Seeing a tall menacing figure pointing a

gun at them, they decided that they were done for.

"Then the police broke in. The gangsters were being held by an old man of about eighty-five years, who was feebly pointing a toy pistol at them. When the commotion had begun, he had grabbed the first thing he could find and was rushing to the rescue of his 'grandchilluns.' The police took the two outside and put them into a patrol wagon.

"Leaving the house, I hurried to a nearby drugstore to telephone. 'Hello, City desk? Attempted robbery in a jewelry store on Wabash.—All robbers caught. Casualties: three wounded, one dying—the rest at the station—Yeh—that's right. No—nothing else of much consequence. I'll make a full report later.'

"I hung up the phone and hurried from the drug store to the police station to get the names and records of the prisoners—and my story of the affair made the front page next morning, but I received no sympathy for having been 'slugged' in the back."

—Ginny Russell, *XI Form*

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

On the afternoon of December 7, I went down to the Field Museum. I was especially interested in the cases containing stuffed animals displayed in their natural settings. At the back of each case was a painted horizon; and the foreground faded into the background so well that one could not tell where the real objects of the foreground ended and the painted ones began. I remember particularly some black and white long-legged storks on the thatched roof of a cottage. A mother stork was feeding her babies a little green frog. It was as if you were standing on the roof in front of them, watching; then as you raised your eyes, a quaint scene unfolded before them. The little house stood in the center of an old French village. Other thatched cottages surrounded it. To the left, a little gray church roof stood up above the rest, and tiny golden crosses crowned the two spires that pierced the ashen heavens. Out beyond the village, were green fields, dotted by occasional farm

houses, so tiny as to be almost undiscernible. A little to the right of direct center, behind a group of slender saplings, a golden half-circle shone over the horizon. This, and the rosy-colored eastern sky, told the observer that dawn was about to break upon the sleeping country-side.

As I came out of the building into the dark, chill winter twilight, I was entranced by the bright lights that stretched before me, as far as I could see. The Outer Drive extended straight ahead into the distance, bordered by two silver paths of light, and a third reached down the center of it. It formed a magic road into the night sky. Though this was lovely, the most beautiful sight of all was an immense Christmas star on the side of a distant skyscraper (The Palmolive Building). The star shone there, fifteen stories high, in a blaze of glory over the peaceful city. It seemed to hang in the night air, suspended by nothing at all. "Truly, America is a great land," I thought. "Only America could show her Christmas spirit in this way."

When I arrived home, my family turned on the radio to hear our favorite comedian. We felt light-hearted and laughed freely at his quips, when suddenly we heard a grave, masculine voice cut in and announce: "We interrupt this program for some late news bulletins."

"Why, what does this mean?" we asked each other. "I wonder what the bulletins are about."

Well, I don't believe I need go any further. The shocked expressions that came over our faces at the electrifying news of Japan's attack upon United States' territory can never be described. For the rest of the evening we stayed close to our radios, waiting, with outward calm, but with inward fear, for new reports from the Far East. Nevertheless, in those dark hours, came the realization of our pride in being Americans. From north, south, east, and west, reports poured into the news-rooms, of the unity that had suddenly sprung up between the states. All political prejudice was forgotten as the American people united under their great flag.

Never, in all my lifetime, will I forget December the seventh, nineteen hundred and forty-one.

—Anne Haskell, *IX Form*

THE HEIGHT OF WINTER

The great Persian cat lifts one heavy eyelid slowly and looks sleepily down from where she lies curled on the high sill of a slit-like window, through which the early morning sun is streaming. She looks down into the large, gray stone hall of the ancient keep of the still castle. Now she drops her eyelid and lifts the other one. Slowly and sleepily she looks out through the window, observing a bubble in the badly made glass. The window faces the snowy courtyard and looks off over the top of the high stone wall and down, down into the snow-piled valley, over the frosted roofs of the village on the mountain-side, huddling like an eaglet under the ever-watchful, ever-protecting eye of the old castle. The wind whistles sharply around a corner, past the tumbling mountain stream, still unfrozen, even in the height of the winter; past the place where it falls to form a white velvet curtain; past the white, drifted fields; past the fringe of forest; up past the low foothills to the shining peaks of the higher mountains; and then on, on into the never-ending space of the chill blue sky. Yes, this is surely the height of the winter, or is the height still to come? Only One can say; but He says nothing.

We turn to examine the room more closely. With the exception of a few benches, a desk, and insignia on the wall, it is entirely bare. We see that the high vaulted ceiling is hidden in dark shadows, and that the sunlight spills into the room in long, rectangular patches. Other than an occasional sniff from the cat, there seems to be no earthly sound or movement in the whole of this old castle. We wonder, as we glance again around the huge room, at the lack of any Christmas preparations; and a chill comes over us.

For us the sun is blacked out, but echoing through the darkness from centuries past, we hear faint voices and snatches of song. At either end of the room we see huge fires on the hearths, the fires of ancient Christmases. The room is illuminated by torches stuck in the chinks of the newly-hewn rock. On the wall there are rough bear-skins; crude bows and arrows, cudgels, and great swords lie scattered at random. Piled on the benches nearest the door are mounds of warm woolen cloaks. Around the long board tables sit men and

women, wearing thick woolen tunics and wide belts studded with brass. A hush falls over the room as a minstrel arises and tells of far-off lands where the sun shines even in the winter. But as the minstrel finishes, the master of the house leaps to his feet proposing a toast, and immediately the crowd breaks into merry shouting. Then the room grows dim; the merry-making fades. All is silent.

Now a faint light reveals a more organized array of shields and swords. The bear-skins have been replaced by tapestries. From the other end of the room, we hear the laughing voices of young gentlemen who are playing at bowls; others more romantically inclined listen to the ballads of the minstrel. The older and more sedate are gathered around the fire to exchange gossip, while the children are clustered in one corner of the room about that most amusing of people, the jester. This happy scene also fades, and against a background of bright bunting we see the Beau Brummels of the day, whirling their partners in a waltz. The spinning couples, in their turn, fade, grow dim, and vanish; and in their place appears a tall Christmas tree, decorated with silver balls and glittering stars, and brightly colored birds with spun-glass tails. A tall, fair man carries a sleeping child from the room. Her little brother follows, clutching the toy automobile that St. Nick has brought him. The older people leave the room, and a butler snuffs out the candles on the tree.

Now slowly and ever-increasingly the light comes. We hear the cat purring, and we see that we are in the same gray stone hall. Beyond the door, we hear a click of heels. The cat lifts her head quickly. The door opens and closes behind a man in uniform. He walks to the desk and mechanically tears off a page of the calendar.

"So this is the twenty-fifth of December. Is it not like all the other days of the year? Yes, of course it is."

He turns to the swastika that hangs against a blood-red background on the wall. Quickly he salutes it.

The cat gets up, stretches, looks around, stretches again, and leaps down from the window. To her the day is the same as any other day. She does not know that the winter has

reached out enfolding nation after nation; that a blizzard is raging in the hearts of men; and that this same blizzard is covering the dead and dying on the battlefields of the world. To her, this day is as yesterday was, and as tomorrow will be. But then, she is only a cat.

—K. O. Dawes, IX Form

DEBUT

Betty dashed through the hall. "321, 331, 332—Oh! At last, 340!" It was awful to have the bus break down on the first day, almost making her late. "Oh!" Betty stamped her foot impatiently. "Why couldn't this have happened to someone else? The fussy teacher probably won't excuse me."

These thoughts ran through Betty's head as she hurried along the deafening corridors. A frightened look was on Betty's face as she disappeared around the corner.

Unluckily for Betty, a dazzling, haughty senior was coming in the opposite direction. Bump! Thump! There was a tangle of arms, legs, and bodies and some very hasty words from the senior. A dozen boys appeared from nowhere to pick up the senior, all offering her words of comfort.

"I'm terribly sorry. I mean—well-er-a," Betty stuttered.

"Oh, quite all right!" declared Miss Senior. Her voice had certainly changed since the first outburst. Then, "These freshmen! So clumsy," fell on Betty's reddened ears.

Oh! To think that she had done this on her very first day. What a beginning! Why hadn't she failed those tests? Anything to keep her out of high-school. Things were just as bad all morning. She didn't answer to roll call. She corrected a teacher and was shocked at herself.

Then when she was in the cafeteria at noon for lunch, a tray in both hands, who should come along but the Senior that she had bumped into in the morning. For the first time since their meeting, Betty noticed the "darling" powder-blue skirt and white

sweater that she wore. She didn't notice that her own tray was wriggling. Before she could steady it, it fell. When its fall was over, Miss Senior seemed to be covered with all the food in the cafeteria.

"Oh, it's only an accident. Buck up, kid," cried one of her friends.

After school she climbed wearily into the bus. Completely worn out by the happenings of her first day at High, she staggered down the aisle looking for a seat. Finding none she went to the rear and held onto the rail. As the bus lurched forward she landed on the lap of the Varsity football captain, her books falling in every direction. He laughed and said, "Surprise party!"

More embarrassment. Maybe it would be better to walk. She got off at the next stop; and while she walked home, the only comforting thought she had was, "Maybe it will be better tomorrow."

—Suzanne Potts, XI Form

SPRING

A small girl in a cotton dress and a boy's corduroy jacket hurried home from school one beautiful May afternoon. She was thinking hard as she walked through the pasture, full of Holstein cows and large, gray, glacial rocks; and she automatically jumped from stones to clumps of grass to avoid stepping in the muddy water that formed a marshy place there every spring. She sprang back, startled, when a green-and-gold-spotted frog leaped from the path into the bushes, but laughed at her fears as she crossed the brook, crawled through the fence, and came out on the road.

As she walked along this road, she noticed suddenly that the apple trees were in bloom. Every tree in the orchard looked as though a cloud were resting, for a brief moment, upon its gnarled branches, transfiguring its whole aspect. It was a beauty-excited little girl who ran into the house begging someone to come and look.

—Priscilla Moore, X Form

LATENT POSSIBILITIES OF A GARBAGE DUMP

All my life I've wanted to see real live bears in their natural surroundings. When we decided to go west this summer, and planned on spending a few days at Jasper Park, I was almost certain I would have my wish. All along the Banff-Jasper highway I scanned the woods on either side of the road, hoping to see any kind of bear that might possibly be lurking near the road.

Just outside of Lake Louise we took a short side-trip up to Peyto Lake, which is one of the most beautiful and captivating sights anyone could wish for. The lake is an indescribable color—a sort of aqua, and of an opaque quality, and its sides are bordered by luxuriant growth. The prolonged drone of insects could be heard everywhere, and a melange of bird chirpings and twitterings was also a part of the tranquil atmosphere. In spite of this, something was strangely missing: I had yet to see a bear! As we proceeded along the highway, we saw moose, deer, mountain sheep and goats, and every kind of animal that has its habitat in the mountains—that is, all except bears.

It was not until we arrived at Jasper, and I happened upon a little photographer's shop, that my desires seemed almost realized. I noticed that many of his postcards had pictures of bears, so I gathered my courage and asked the photographer if bears could still be found around Jasper, and if so, if he would *please* tell me where. He laughed and said that all we had to do was to drive down to the city garbage-dump some morning, and we'd be sure to see twenty or thirty. I felt sure he was having a little joke at my expense, but I was so determined to see a bear that I decided to take a chance.

Early the next morning, the Thomases started out on a visit to the city garbage-dump. There was a narrow road leading off the main highway which led to our destination. The road wound in and out among the trees, and with each turn I was becoming more and more curious, and it seemed to me that Dad, for a change, was driving exasperatingly slow. The dump loomed into view, and my heart sank,

for there wasn't a bear in sight. We stopped the car and had been there only a short time when we saw the hugest black bear I ever hope to see come lumbering out of the bushes. He disappeared down the side of the hill, so we decided there must have been some more garbage thrown down the side. Just as Dad and I were ready to investigate, a big brown head appeared over the rim of the hill. This was followed by shoulders like those of a football player, and a huge body. Certain we would find more bears, Dad and I tiptoed cautiously to the edge of the hill, and the sight that met our eyes was incredible! There must have been at least thirty bears at different levels all the way down the hill. Two little black bears were playing, but most of them were eating. Here was a perfectly good show in itself—gratis at that. As we started back to the car we noticed two little cubs lying a short distance away. They looked so delightfully idle that I wished for a moment that I could trade places with them, especially around September. This blissful state, however, was only ephemeral, for the next second there were a few playful cuffs and bites on the ear, and then away they ran as fast as they could go, making one wild dash for the nearest tree, and then up they went, all the way to the top. They remained up there for a while stupified by the heat, and then began climbing around in the branches. Who would have dreamed that a garbage-dump would ever have such latent possibilities!

Two days later, as we were getting ready to leave, I heard Dad giggle and then, half laughing, call, "Oh! there's a bear!" I was almost certain he was fooling, and so after I had finished primping I walked leisurely to the door to see if I could be of any help at the car. I no sooner came in view of the front door than my startled eyes gazed into those of a great big black bear (whose eyes were equally startled). I screamed inaudibly, and then found my voice and shouted for Dad. During the time I was trying to regain the use of my vocal cords, the bear had lumbered off into the woods. When I had finally composed

myself, I remembered that Dad had been laughing when he called out about the bear. I was curious to know why such a marked contrast of emotions had greeted the arrival of our furry friend. The explanation for this was very simple. Dad had been as startled as I when he first saw the bear coming toward the car, but what had made him laugh was this: for weeks before we arrived at Jasper, and for the first few days of our stay, I had talked about nothing but bears, and yet never had seen one until our out-of-the-way trip to the garbage-dump. Then, on the morning we were leaving, what should appear but a mammoth black bear, standing with his two front feet right on our doorstep. Before, this would have seemed the remotest of possibilities, but now I don't believe anything bears might do would surprise me. My advice to those as curious about bears as myself is this: if you want to see bears at Jasper, *don't* look for them in out-of-the-way places, for there is probably one waiting on some front doorstep for you!

Babs Thomas, XII Form

A SHOPPING INCIDENT

The store was dirty, one could almost say filthy. The pane was muddy and streaked. The antiques in the window were covered with dust. The woman sitting in the window, basking in the sun like a cat, fitted perfectly into the scene. Her body filled the space like a huge display. Her heavy arms hung from her large, massive shoulders and fell in her lap. When she got up to walk, her queer form shuffled across the room. Her clothes were ill-fitting. As a whole her appearance was shocking. One wondered how any human being could let herself be as homely as she. Her hair was piled up in a huge knot on her head, and the rest hung like strings down her neck. Her glasses fitted tightly on her crooked nose, which was very close above her huge twisted mouth. Her black eyes were set far back in her head. Her complexion was dark olive. It was easy to see that she was Italian. Whether she was religious or not could be debated; neverthe-

less the huge cross that hung from her neck would lead one to believe that she was, or wished to be thought so.

I opened the door. The bell tinkled softly. That was more than I could say for Mrs. Sabbatini, who was yelling loudly in Italian to her meek and over-powered husband, engaged in repairing an old chair. Mrs. Sabbatini was standing with her whole five-foot-eleven-inches stretched to its greatest height. Her harsh voice pierced the room and came echoing back. When I approached, she waved her hands in a queer gesture of recognition and called my name. I gave her the broken clock and asked her when I might have it back. She replied, "Whenever thata good-for-nothing husband of mine getta it done." I knew a week would be about right. I started to go, but it is not easy to get away from a person like that. She was determined to talk with me. Did I hear about her boy? Did I hear anything new about the war? I wasn't able to answer any of her questions because she answered them for me. Tears streamed down her big fat cheeks, and she sobbed in a huge red bandana. Her son had been taken to war. I sympathized with her and hastily left. As I got into the car I glanced back and saw Mrs. Sabbatini closing the shop. Her hat was thrust on top of her untidy hair; her coat was wrapped around her and securely fastened by one big button. Her husband was pushed out of the door, and she turned the key in the lock. I wondered how any woman could be so domineering and yet so emotional.

—Janet Morrissey, XII Form

COLOR

*I watched the color swirling down,
And I was sad to know
That autumn leaves so very bright
Would have so soon to go.*

*I smelled the smoke from burning leaves
And saw through gray-blue haze
The gardener from the house next door
Rake up the burning maze.*

—Joan Becker, IX Form

MONOLOGUE REVEALING CHARACTER OF A MOTHER

"Robert, stop leaning out the window! Robert, get your head in this minute."

"That's better, dear. Mommy wouldn't want to leave her Bobby baby hanging on a lamp post for a policeman to pick off."

"I don't talk baby talk to you. Now be still, Robert, Mommy has to concentrate on—ooooohhhh!!"

"He didn't signal, Bobby. And, besides, Mommy was watching so she wouldn't hit him."

"No, he didn't, Bobby. But even if he didn't, we won't tell Daddy. All he wants is a good excuse to save tires.—I'll buy you a big sucker, Bobby."

"No, I'm not trying to bribe you. Now, sit still."

"Bobby, get out of my purse. I have lots of important things in there."

"No, you can't have any money. Bobby, how many times must Daddy and I tell you that we can't throw money away?"

"You've got buyitis. No, you can't have an electric train. I haven't any money."

"I *need* a new dress, Bobby. I haven't had any clothes since the depression began."

"That wasn't a falsehood. That was just a generalization. There's a big difference. When you say you came right home from school when you didn't, that's a falsehood. When I say I haven't had any new clothes, I'm just pretending. When you're grown up you'll understand."

"No, you can't pretend you're grown up. Now, get out. We're here."

"Yes, the man in the uniform was the door-man."

"No, Bobby, he doesn't fight the Japs."

"Bobby, stop asking questions. No, he can't get into the movies for ten cents less. Now, get into the elevator."

"Ssshh! She might hear you. I don't care if she does look like Moon Mullins. You mustn't say so."

"I know I told Daddy Mrs. Crane had her face lifted, but—how did you hear?"

"Bobby Bacon, did you listen at the door?"

"Yes, you did. I told Daddy that after you were in bed."

"That isn't what I meant. That wasn't pretending; that was a deliberate falsehood."

"Well, I'm different. You see—oh, there's Nancy Gates."

"No, not in the book department. Bobby, come back here. She's over there, in the dress department."

"Nancy, my dear, how are you? Bobby, say 'hello' to Nancy."

"Mrs. Gates, not Nancy, Bobby, dearest."

"What a darling dress. But it's size eighteen. I thought you said at bridge club that you were losing weight?"

"Oh, don't have her change it just because of me, dear. You know I'd never tell."

"Just the mistake of the clerk? Oh, yes. Careless nowadays, aren't they?"

"Bobby, ssshh! Mrs. Gates has lost a great deal of weight."

"BOBBY! She does not shake like jello."

"Don't let him bother you, dear. Children are so tactless."

"What a perfectly *divine* color. A little young, but you don't show your age—very much."

"Yes, I'll be seeing you. Come along, Bobby. Mommy wants to buy a hat."

"All right. You can stop and look at the trains. For just a minute. Remember, just a minute. I'll be over in the hat section."

"I'd like to look at hats. Something for a yellow suit."

"That one there is a rather sweet hat. Let me try it on.—That's just what I wanted. How much is it?"

"Seventeen fifty! Why, that's terr—I mean, it makes me look a little old."

"Let me try that brown straw with the—Bobby, what are you dragging?—Robert Bacon, is that a—ROBERT BREWSTER BACON, IS THAT A MINK COAT?"

—Julie Zischke, XI Form

AN AUDITION

The large hall was vacant except for a line of chairs folded up against the wall on the platform and a music stand off to the side. The wide floor was scratched and scarred, but methodically waxed for dancing. As a side door was unlocked and pushed open, the sound of the key grating in the lock seemed to be multiplied because of the heavy, oppressive silence. A long leg was put through the door, and a huge foot was used as a prop to hold the door open, while a large set of drums, with various attachments that rattled and clanked, was maneuvered skillfully through it. Then appeared a man, tall and fat and in perfect proportion with the long leg and huge foot. There were very evident signs of strain on his broad wet face as he shouldered the drum, walked carefully across the floor, and set it on the stage. Then from his great brown overcoat pockets, he extracted several sheets of paper, evidently music scores, well curled at the corner and creased down the middle. He smoothed these out thoughtfully and set them on top of the drum. He sat down beside his drum and began to hum a mournfully slow tune that did not seem characteristic of a drummer, as this man was shown plainly to be by his big nervous fingers that were juggling two drum sticks professionally. He stopped humming quite abruptly when the sound of his bass voice echoed resoundingly through the cavernous hall and made him feel very self-conscious and alone.

Then the sound of voices was heard outside the door, and a group of men of assorted sizes and shapes came in carrying large instrument cases and talking quite loudly. But as they passed through the door and were hit by the echoes of their boisterous voices coming back, they became very subdued and walked over to the drummer and, greeting him in almost a whisper, opened their music cases, took out their instruments, put them together, and sat down on the platform. As the orchestra neared completion, the noise increased, slowly crowding out the silence.

The men began to run trills on clarinets or to shout across to "Pete" to ask about the third page of number one-fifty-six. Each took

a chair from against the wall, and sat down on it. They practiced and talked for a while until the door at the front of the hall was opened and a chipped, upright piano was guided through it by a group of big furniture movers, who were instructed by a small, dark man who came behind. After getting the piano through the door, they rolled it across the floor, adding three long scratches to the furrows already in the floor. A runway was put up to the platform, and the piano was rolled up it and over to the side of the stage, plowing through the musicians who had to pick up their chairs and move out of its path. Then the small, dark man pulled up a chair to the piano and added a tinkling treble and a rumbling bass to the din.

All of a sudden, the side door burst open again and another man ran across the floor and jumped onto the platform while tossing off his coat. He quickly quieted down the orchestra and murmured a number of a piece. After going through the preliminaries of finding the page and setting the music on the stand so it wouldn't flutter off again, they started to play quietly.

After they had played about two pieces, the leader began to glance nervously at his watch and then to the front door. Soon a few couples began to straggle in and to dance conservatively to the smooth, well-organized playing. Then a steady stream of couples began to flow through the door, and the orchestra put aside their "just practicing" attitude and really started to play. This proved the critics' theory that they would play much better to an appreciative crowd, and that was why the couples were admitted free to this audition. When the flow of dancers coming through the door was just about at its peak, four very dignified, well-dressed men came in. The leader jumped down from the platform, greeted them deferentially, and offered them chairs. The men sat down and watched the reaction of the crowd to the music.

The leader said a few words in the way of a "pep talk" to his orchestra and then set the tempo of the next piece by a swinging of his arm, the motion of which seemed to correspond with the sound of a slow-moving loco-

motive starting out. The orchestra fell into this rhythm easily, every foot tapping in perfect time. Then the leader put his clarinet to his mouth and started a slow rhythmical tune, low and melodious. As he finished the theme, the drummer and a few other members started to accompany him. As the crowd caught the upbeat, they slowly began to dance, having stood still during the pause, sensing the importance of this one piece. Gradually, as the whole orchestra came in, the couples started to move up and down uniformly, and the many coloured skirts and sweaters and plaid shirts blended so harmoniously that the hall began to look like a field of brightly-colored grasses swaying and bending all to the same rhythmical breeze. The piece steadily built up to a climax, going faster and faster like the locomotive that it represented gathering steam. The imaginary wind was augmented and seemed to blow the grasses into a faster moving pattern, bobbing up and down wildly. The piece ended suddenly with a loud blast, and the grasses were transformed quickly to separate couples again. The critics had unconsciously put aside their dignity and started to beat time on their knees, first just by their finger tips and finally swinging their whole arms and tapping their feet. After that, many selections followed in various moods, the crowd catching all of them, and the critics looking more pleasant and pleased as the songs were played.

After a while the crowd of dancers became less dense, and the sound of the door opening and closing came at more frequent in-

tervals. It was late, and people were leaving. The four men came up to the platform and shook the leader's hand enthusiastically. The leader smiled broadly, and the men went out the side door, talking among themselves. As the door shut behind them, the whole orchestra let out a shout of triumph. The leader started the orchestra off on a silly song which they roared as loudly as nature permitted, amid great hand-shaking, back-slapping, and laughter. The small group around the stage joined in, helping to fill the hall with as much noise as possible. Then the tired musicians began to pack up their instruments in their cases and to answer the questions of the inquisitive couples, who were the ever-present hero-worshippers. After this last group of stragglers and orchestra had gone out of the door, a large forlorn figure was still to be seen struggling with his drums. Something was evidently caught, but he got it fixed after a minute and pushed it to the edge of the platform where he shouldered it, and then he dragged himself across the floor to the side door. He reached out one long arm to open the door while trying to balance his drum on his back with his other hand and, in the same manner as he had come in, he made his exit. The hall was empty again except for the resounding slam of the closing door and the chairs strewn around on the platform. A thick fog of silence completely engulfed the whole room, and this would be dispersed only by the sound of many voices and music again.

—*Shirley Fitzgerald, XI Form*



LOOKOUT POINT

As Mrs. Jenkins climbed the last step leading to Lookout Point, her heart pounded with expectation. The sight of the entire eastern side of the island would soon be spread out before her. It would be beautiful. Hadn't Mrs. Burges said so during the last bridge-club meeting? Mrs. Burges had so enjoyed her visit to Lookout Point, and she had particularly recommended it. Yes, Mrs. Jenkins felt that to miss seeing the view from Lookout Point would be to miss one of the most impressive sights of her whole trip.

She stepped agilely from the last stone step to the firm ground. Before her was truly a magnificent sight. Below was a great sloping hill. Everywhere huge trees lifted their twisted arms to the skies. The brown of their branches mingled with the green leaves, sloping gently down to the shady shore. For a moment Mrs. Jenkins thought that surely Neptune himself lived in the waters just below her. They were so ethereally blue. The rushing sound of the waves lapping against the shore made her shudder with delight. Off in the distance she could see a small islet, placed, it seemed, almost on top of the silvery waves. The islet looked barren from where she was standing, but she knew that there was an old French fort there. She thought of the Indian scouts who had stood on that same spot years before, perhaps looking for signs of war from the soldiers in the fort. She wondered if they had experienced the same delight in the beauty which was stretched out before her. The grey of the sunless sky brought a mysterious shadow over the shore. Yes, it certainly was peaceful up here away from the world.

But she wasn't away from the world. The guide was beginning in his dry, sullen voice to mention the points of interest which could be seen so easily from Lookout Point. His manner was too casual, and he looked as if he were bored. She wondered how he could be so unappreciative of the glorious view. She finally concluded that the young men

of today are lacking in the proper respect for the beauties of nature.

George climbed the rough stone steps leading to Lookout Point slowly. He tried to think of how many times he had climbed those same steps, how many times he had recited the same fifty words to groups of tourists. Lord, he had no idea of how many inquisitive sight-seers he had taken up to Lookout Point! He made five trips around the island on most days, and he had taken the job last March. Anyway, the small amount he netted each week helped his mother some. Interesting jobs were hard to find nowadays. He reached the top of the man-made steps. You'd think the Indians would have at least chosen even, smooth stones to use as steps. Stretched out below him now was the lake. It looked cold; he guessed it was, too. The place was surrounded by trees. Of course some of them were rotten, but just the same there was a lot of timber money to be had from those big ones down on the slope. The crisp late August wind whipped around him, and he thought of the bitter cold that would arrive in just a few weeks. The sky certainly was foreboding. He wondered how the Indians ever stood the bleakness of the whole island itself. But there were probably so many wars with the French that life was kept pretty exciting. Yep, those were the days. Even this place, Lookout Point, wouldn't be so bad if one belonged to an Indian scouting group and had to watch what was going on at the old French fort out there on Cliff Island. Boy, that is another dismal place. It's almost worse than this place. What do tourists find so interesting about this place? It seems even more lonely than ever today. Well, better dish out the old routine now before Tom catches up with the next load of tourists.

He began speaking in dry tones. His rasping voice broke the silence and the peace which seemed to hover above Lookout Point.

—Billie Williamson, XII Form

STEPHEN IS NINE

He woke up suddenly and held his breath, trying to think. What was today, and why did he have this funny feeling in the pit of his stomach? Then it came to him. Of course, today was his birthday! He started counting on his fingers, knowing very well where he would stop. Nine years. He mused for a second. Nine whole years he had been living. He wondered how it felt to have lived for at least forty years, as his mother had. Forty years is ancient, he thought; but to be nine years was wonderful.

His feet touched the bottom of the bed. It was cold, and he drew them quickly back to the warmth. Then he went over what he had gotten: a dollar from his grandmother—he could always count on that; three dollars from his Aunt Kathleen—she was his godmother, and he knew she would never forget him. He had a special place for her in his heart. He had requested money this year instead of presents. For one thing, he felt that he was getting quite old, now; besides he could use some of the money for Defense Stamps. His only qualm was that this year his birthday fell on Monday. Horrible, he thought, for a boy's birthday to fall on Monday. That meant that he would have to be content with a family supper, that night;

but that did not bother him for long. His eyes wandered back to the clock. Seven-forty-five it said, in big, black numbers. His older brother had already started to school. He got up and dressed hurriedly and went down to breakfast.

Beside his plate, he found a dollar, and a card from his sister; the same, from his brother; five dollars to put in his bank, from his mother. Well, this was what he had asked for, wasn't it? But something was definitely wrong, and he couldn't tell just what, so he blamed it on the loathesome prunes in front of him.

After having been hugged by his dad and kissed profusely by his mother, he ran off to school. While he was waiting for dinner that night, the thought, "Where was Dad's present?" suddenly came to him. It hadn't been at the table that morning, and he knew he hadn't gotten it before. Just then Dad came in with a box under his arm. "Happy birthday, Steve," he said. Stephen began ripping the box open. The lid came off, and he didn't say a word. In the box was a shiny, silvery airplane, a beautiful, exquisite airplane. Oh, how happy he was! All the money that he had got couldn't make up for this. Just ask Dad, he knew.

—Suzanne Edwards, *X Form*



A SHORT PLAY IN ONE ACT

The President's words had been "all-out defense measures"; therefore the road between the island and the mainland was closed to civilians. North Island, naval aviation base—ordinarily they were common enough words, but now in time of war they were charged with significance and excitement.

It was because we had a friend who had a friend who had "connections" (the usual way in which ordinary mortals gain entrance into any sort of inner sanctum) that we were able to obtain passes. Only asking our names, the guard waved us on through the gates. I felt a faint disappointment that our admittance had been so casual and unmilitary. However, we were to discover that things were not as lax as we supposed at first. The mess hall, the hospital unit, the recreation center, the officers' club—all these were open to us. But of the hangars, the long row of fighting planes, and the landing field we had not a glimpse.

Having exhausted the interest to be had in watching a squad of young aviators going through their paces on the parade grounds—they were apparently new at it, for they straggled badly—we made our way toward the landing place. Here we found more activity, for the launch from the mainland was discharging passengers onto the small dock. A navy doctor in spotless white, a portly colonel of the marines, air corps officials in brave new uniforms, a middle-aged woman in severe military dress with a face to match—all had important business on North Island. A quartet of pretty girls arrayed in printed silks and spike heels, with ridiculous little flower hats perched over one eye, tripped by—sightseers like ourselves who probably also had friends with "connections." There were a great many aviators strolling about or waiting for the launch to take them to the mainland where they would seek such unexciting pleasures as San Diego had to offer them. They were quite ordinary-looking beings at close range. There were also, strange to say, many gobs in their tight breeches and wide-collared suits of blue. Altogether it was a gay and busy scene with no foreboding of disaster. The sun shone down from a cloudless blue sky, turning the ripples

of the water to gold. Across the bay sprawled the city of San Diego, rising from the water front and spilling over onto the low hills beyond.

Suddenly the harsh scream of a siren cut through the afternoon air. It was a signal for instant activity. Most of the people on the landing dock crowded to the water's edge; more appeared from nowhere as people always do when an accident has occurred; the white-clad doctor hurried out onto the dock; an ambulance swung into sight, stopped with a screeching of brakes, and two internes leaped out to stand in readiness. Very much bewildered as to just what was happening, we looked around for someone who might supply us with information. Picking out a lone gob, we asked if there had been an accident. "No," was the surprising answer, "but we're waiting for one to happen."

A few more questions and we stood enlightened. A plane—not an amphibian, but the small fighter type used on carriers—had lost a wheel in the air. Unable to land on the ground, the pilot was going to attempt a landing on the water. "It's tricky business," explained our nautical friend. "The propeller's longer than on seaplanes and will hit the water first."

The difficulty of the pilot's task was all too evident in the presence of the ambulance and the wrecking boat, Mary Ann, hovering just off shore. It was apparently not an unusual occurrence, and the people on the landing had the air of spectators waiting for the curtain to go up on a play. The stage being set, the chief actor appeared, a blue and yellow plane circling high overhead like some small, brilliant wasp. Down it swooped, never slackening speed, as if it would plunge straight to the bottom of the bay. But no, it pulled up and soared again into the sky. "Didn't quite make it that time; too much speed," remarked our sagacious friend. "He's gonna have to come around and try again."

There flashed through my mind, then, some small comprehension of that pilot's situation—the utter aloneness, the sense of being cut off from all men with only his own skill to depend on. Again the throb of motors was heard and the plane came in sight a second

time, its shadow skimming before it over the bright waters of the bay. A murmur ran through the crowd as it pressed forward. Necks were craned, eyes shaded from the sun, and tense, expectant faces turned upward. The whole afternoon seemed to be holding its breath. Again the plane slanted downward, more gradually this time. He was almost down; he was going to make it. Breaths were let out with a sigh of relief, but choked back the next moment in a gasp of horror. The whirling blades of the propeller struck the water first. Instead of coming into a smooth landing the plane was pitched violently forward. For a split second it remained poised there, with only the tail stuck up out of the water. "Like a duck, head down and tail up, looking for his dinner," the thought came to me. Strange, how the ridiculous comes to one when the mind should logically be occupied with the dangers of the moment.

During this brief instant everything seemed to stand still. The silence was so intense that the gentle lapping of the waves against the dock could be heard. A lone seagull wheeled lazily overhead. Then reality took hold and things snapped back into action. The plane settled back, then began to sink slowly. The pilot appeared on one of the wings. A spontaneous cheer went up from the crowd, partly as a tribute to him and partly as a relaxation for strained nerves. In another moment the *Mary Ann* was alongside and had laid hold of the fast disappearing plane with her grappling hooks. A speed boat put off from the dock to pick up the pilot. The little drama was ended; the spectators turned away, conversing among themselves. The sun was slipping over the edge of the ocean; the stage was fast becoming dark; the crowd had melted away.

—Jean Hendry, *XII Form*



THE HANGING

Hannibal Cooper had never amounted to much. He had always been looked down upon by the colored people in Lee's Ferry. He had been known to steal, and he had spent a good deal of his time in the old brick jail-house that had weathered the Civil War at the same spot, which was half a block down the old red clay road known as Main Street. Everyone said that he was a no-good, but no one ever expected him to commit murder, and in truth, it had been rather accidental. 'Zalea had white blood in her, it was true, but she had never had any objections to Hannibal, and she seemed to understand him. She was the only thing that he had stolen that had done him any good. But had he really stolen her? Hadn't she wanted to come with him? Her white father and the law, however, saw it as stealing and sin, and the father was out to vent his rage on Hannibal. He came to their shack one morning before sunrise carrying his old 'coon gun. 'Zalea had heard him first poking around outside, and she had warned Hannibal. He had sneaked around behind the old man and pounced on him from the rear. In the scuffle that followed Hannibal hit too hard, and the old mountaineer sank down dead in a pile of kindling chips. The law caught Hannibal and put him in the jail-house. His sentence was pronounced. He was to be hanged at eight-thirty on the morning of April fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

The crowd had been gathering for hours, men and women, black flies responding to the smell of honey, men responding to the idea of something novel, to an opportunity to watch the execution of one of the laws that these men had made. The news had gotten around that a negro was to be hanged. There had not been a hanging in or near Lee's Ferry for some time, and so today the rickety carts and wagons crowded into the square back-yard of the ancient courthouse. You could see the wagons coming 'way down the road. They were filled to overflowing with the farmers and their families, and the mountaineers and theirs, followed by the dogs and theirs. Women in long skirts and sun-bonnets with shawls over their shoulders to ward off the chill haze that was not yet lifted from the

Georgia ground bundled out of the carts and wagons. Men in mashed hats and patched clothes carrying ancient but true guns walked along together or with their women. The younger generation scampered in and out between the legs of their elders and tried to get a better look at the scaffolding.

The crowd was a quiet one. It was slow moving. It did not talk much. Mountaineers do not talk much. The women are quiet and sad-eyed. The mules and oxen were restless, and the dogs wanted to be frisky. The sun was drawing high, and the mist was just about gone from the hills. Almost everyone but a few stragglers had by now come. The area around the scaffolding was filled with solemn and taciturn men and women. Some had drawn their wagons as near as possible and were sitting in them to get a better view. The air had an expectant, waiting feeling. It did not, however, have that high pitched, nervous expectancy that we know. It was a calm rigidity that ran through the crowd gathered to witness the hanging of the negro Hannibal Cooper.

The crowd had gathered. The cynosure of all the eyes, hearts, breath, the scaffolding was just in front. Those young boys of twelve and fourteen and sixteen who by dint of much, pushing and pulling had worked their way up to the very edge of the platform were beginning to get that sick, nauseated feeling that comes over one after too long waiting in the hot sun and the gradual realization that a great and terrible event is about to take place before one's very eyes. They had gotten that feeling that comes just before a faint, and they sincerely wished that they could get out of their chosen spot and get into the cool shade of a tree where there were not any people. Retreat was impossible. Spectators had wedged themselves in and fitted themselves together like porcupine quills; there was no possible outlet for the person in the front row. Stay they must and allow the ever-rising sun to beat down on their heads.

But the waiting was not long, though it seemed interminable to them. The back door of the Lee's Ferry courthouse opened. A young, yellow-skinned girl came out of the

door first. She was accompanied by a middle-aged man who merely walked by her side. He was a factotum from the jail. The girl was not wailing, but was resigned to her punishment which was to watch Hannibal die. Her only show of grief was that great tears from time to time ran down her cheeks, but they were few and far between. Next came the hangman who walked to the platform, pulled at the various ropes and pieces of wood, and then stood to one side. Next there was a quick tightening of the crowd as the criminal was led to the platform. The boys in the front row were sicker than ever, yet now they would not leave for anything in the world. Hannibal was up on the platform under the ominous scaffolding. A deacon came with him and said a prayer for his soon-to-be-departed soul. The hangman adjusted the black sack over the sinner's head. He drew down the noose. It was a new noose made from new rope. He tightened it around the Unfortunate's neck. The crowd was as still as death itself. These immobile faces and hearts were held to that one spot by that bit of nature which was soon to lose its life. They were curious to see if death came any differently to those who had committed a grave crime. The hangman made sure of everything, and then—he pulled—quickly, sharply, and the floor fell from underneath. Hannibal Cooper was dead. His lifeless body hung for a minute or two; then it was taken down and placed in a box to be carried off and buried.

The sun was high, and the rays were beating down with unbridled fierceness. April was spring to be sure, but spring comes early in Georgia and days of freak heat come early there. The mob moved toward the wagons. It talked slightly more than before, but it was still not aroused. It had seen that Death could be called by human beings. It was something to think about; not to talk about. The young boys in the front row did not leave bragging. They left with parched mouths and trembling knees and aching backs. Within half an hour all the vehicles had departed. The women had bundled back in; the hounds had taken their customary positions trailing along behind; and the men had reshouldered their guns to plod back to scrubby fields and smoky cabins. The courtyard was cleared, and nothing was left except the scaffolding—the scaffolding, that spirit, that symbol of those who have

come only as far as the laws of nature and not as far as the laws of men.

—Carolyn Conley, *XII Form*

MY STAR

*One solitary star I found,
When I, one evening, happened out,
A lonely, friendless little star,
With storm-clouds lowering round about.*

*And we made friends, the star and I,
Though I was sad; I did not think
A star could cheer me, but just then,
My little star began to wink.*

*It winked and blinked, and seemed to say,
"Cheer up, I don't know why you're sad;
There'll always be another day,
Just what you make it, good or bad."*

—Barbara Dennis, *X Form*

FEBRUARY

*Chicago, on a winter day,
When wind and weather have their way,
Is bleak and cold.*

*The buildings, vivid at their base,
Slowly fade in vast, gray space
Of stormy sky.*

*The leafless trees by the highway's edge
Form lace through which is seen the wedge
Of iron-gray water.*

*And on the rough and roaring lake,
The white-caps toss and curl, then break
Upon the shore.*

—Helen Spooner, *IX Form*

MODERNIZING GRANDMA

Grandma Mills was seated in her old Boston rocker by the window, slowly rocking back and forth, frowning studiously into a wooden box filled with buttons. This afternoon, like all her afternoons, was peaceful and silent. Grandma enjoyed those afternoons because they gave her time to think back over her life and try to guess how it might have been changed if she had not done this or gone there. Grandma figured that by doing this she could live two lives in one.

Her quiet thoughts were interrupted by a loud bang, which she knew to be Jane, her sixteen-year-old granddaughter, returning from school. Jane ran noisily into the room and threw her coat and books in the general direction of a chair.

"Hi, Grandma! What're you doing?"

"I'm trying to find a button for that new blouse of yours. One came off the first time it was washed. I thought you were going to sew them on so this wouldn't happen."

"Oh, I was, only Dorothy came over and wanted me to go to the movies, and I wanted to wear it. Besides, it takes me an age to sew on even one button. A whole blouse full would be simply impossible."

"It really wouldn't take you so long if you got down to business. Now when I was a girl . . ."

"Oh, Grandma, you're so old-fashioned. Buttons aren't that important any more."

Being a very wise grandmother, Grandma said no more. She began to rock gently again, intently looking for the right button. Jane began to look for it, too. In the silence that followed, Jane became aware of the "skwawk-k-k" of the old Boston rocker.

"Grandma, that antique chair of yours is giving me the willies. Why don't you sell it and get one of those modern chairs? They don't have rockers, but they certainly don't squawk, and there are no rungs to poke you in the back either. Besides, you live in the past too much. You should modernize. It'd make you a lot younger. Oops, there goes the phone!"

Jane was out of the room in a flash. Grandma heard her dive at the phone and say, "Oh, hi!" Then Grandma sat back in her chair as everyone does after she is sure that the call does not affect her. She remembered Jane's

sudden outburst with surprise, for Jane did not, as a rule, talk very much. As she thought about it, she wondered if Jane were right. Maybe she did need a little modernizing, after all. Since Jane had come to stay with her, perhaps she would try to make herself a little nearer to sixteen. Besides, there would be time enough to think about the past and the life she might have led when there ceased to be a future.

Back bounced Jane.

"Got a date," she announced. "Help me remember. Found the button?"

"No," said Grandma. "Do you really think I should get one of those modern chairs?"

"Of course, I do!"

"What color should we get, blue?"

"Oh, no! That's too grandmotherish. Get dusty rose. It's more sophisticated."

Grandma chuckled to herself. *Dusty rose*—old rose when she was a girl, and very fashionable, too.

"Yes, dusty rose would be much better," she said.

—Helen Spooner, IX Form

REFLECTIONS

*The puddle beneath the street lamp
Reflected the shadows of passing feet
In its shimmering, black water.
Those feet were hurrying, homeward-bound,
To families, wives, and husbands;
To scurrying, scampering youngsters.
What new joys awaited them at home?
Had the baby grown?
(I wish I hadn't had that heavy lunch.)
Is mother feeling better?
Had many letters come?
These thoughts showed on the faces
Of the hurrying figures.
The evening rush grew to a rumbling hum,
A deepening drone,
As the heavy traffic passed
The lone puddle under the street lamp.*

—Halle Harrington, X Form

HARROW

Every so often, in a magazine or novel, I come across a reference to my home town. The other day, I noticed an artist's impression of Harrow School, an old Public boys' school, akin to Eaton, and the school which Winston Churchill attended. I was startled. How often I had wandered up those narrow streets into England's greatest Public School! It was all very familiar to me: the conical hill which had been a volcano when the world was young, now crowned with the stately spire of St. Mary's and wreathed with soft green woodland. I remember the noble buildings of red brick and grey stone, half hidden by majestic elms. On the lower slopes of Harrow Hill stretch the school playing fields, the only fields not yet enveloped in the ever-rising tide of houses.

The most beautiful part of Harrow is not to be seen without climbing the hill itself. The most frequented route is a twisting road, bordered on one side by the school buildings and on the other by a small chicken farm, which is a source of great delight to small children.

At the top of this road is the School Speech Room, a large, circular building in which the Speech Day celebrations and similar festivals are held. Over the entrance is a large bronze statue of Good Queen Bess, now green with age; and Virginia creeper covers the walls. The flat roof is surrounded by an iron balustrade, and the windows are large and of stained glass designs.

Opposite the Speech Room is the School Chapel. It was built about the same time as Westminster Abbey, and resembles it somewhat, architecturally. I have never been per-

mitted to enter it, but on a Sunday morning I have watched the whole school swarm into the chapel, the boys in tail-coats and top hats, and the masters in caps and gowns. The Chapel is not large, and I have always wondered how it could accommodate so many.

Farther up the street is the big quadrangle and the Fives Court. Near that is the spot where the first Earl of Shaftsbury witnessed the Pauper's Burial; and his name can be seen where he carved it on the wall, when he was attending Harrow School.

To the right, up a narrow lane, is St. Mary's Church, with its embattled and creeper-covered walls, and its tall spire, which always seems to be leaning towards you, no matter where you stand. Across the churchyard is what is known, locally, as "the terrace," a spot which commanded what was a beautiful and expansive view, until the county council built a gasometer in the middle of it.

The road from the churchyard is one of the oldest parts of Harrow. Facing it are some small shops, with tiny, high windows that look as if they had come out of the Queen Anne period. On the other side, bordering an estate, is a high wall, overhung with sycamores and horse-chestnut trees, called colloquially "conkers."

The only modern building is the fire station, which is very much out of place. The fire department is seriously inconvenienced by the small grass patch in the middle of the narrow street, which was formerly inhabited by an old and vicious nanny-goat, the terror of my younger days. She has died since I came over here, so I can go home unafraid.

—Barbara Dennis, *X Form*



To a swell
Kid - Nancy Donner

To a great big
flike ducks
Ellen DeMoe
Fat Dumb!

To decent kid,
Estelle Blunt

Ellen Thomas

LOWER SCHOOL

(vs. blood tolt)

Francie Paul
I hope you have
a nice time.

Dolores Fabian.

(What charm I mean Ellen.)

To little Ellen
- and Monty

Florissa
DeVries

To a small kid
Ginger Galt

Tell Cary not to
fuseils with my
pencils, your her
seatmate
Nanculow
Davis

You a very nice with under
Patricia and handprints



To a soft Ellen
Pollyanne
Bryant

Cary Johnson

in sixth grade

to the last kid

Say, how many
letters have you
got from Bob M.
(Don't count 100
long) ? Gingly
Allen



Eighth Form

First Semester

President Jeanne Hansmann
 Vice-President Henrietta Lizars
 Secretary Diane Beersman
 Treasurer Christie Lasater

Second Semester

Diane Beersman
 Susie Evans
 Arvia Crosby
 Eva Larson

Thelma Barnes
 Diane Beersman
 Barbara Bricker
 Marjory Church
 Cynthia Corning
 Arvia Crosby

Amy Davis
 Susie Evans
 Carol Falley
 Joan Fitzgerald
 Jeanne Hansmann
 Eva Myra Larson

Christie Lasater
 Henrietta Lizars
 Gertrude Munns
 Georgene Nock
 Phoebe Steger
 Mary Sutter



Seventh Form

First Semester

President Joan Haskell
 Vice-President Polly Anderson
 Secretary Alida Sherman
 Treasurer Ardis Kuhnen

Polly Anderson
 Suzanne Ellis
 Maryella Garner
 Joan Haskell

Ardis Kuhnen
 Joanna McWilliams
 Patricia Meyers

Second Semester

Joan Haskell
 Suzanne Ellis
 Alida Sherman
 Patricia Meyers

Joanne Rolfing
 Alida Sherman
 Mary Jane Steele
 Lisa Wace



Sixth Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Dolores Tabin	Florissa De Vries
Vice-President	Ellin Wynne	Alice Ayars
Secretary	Gingy Allen	Estelle Blunt
Treasurer	Estelle Blunt	Ellin Wynne
	Virginia Allen	Dolores Tabin
	Alice Ayars	Ellen Thomas
	Estelle Blunt	Ellin Wynne
	Florissa De Vries	
	Olivelynn Gail	
	Francie Paul	

Fifth Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Pollyanne Bryant	Cary Roloson
Vice-President	Cary Roloson	Patty Lundquist
Secretary	Ellen De Moe	Helen Aitchison
Treasurer	Helen Aitchison	Nancy Dauber
	Helen Aitchison	Patty Lundquist
	Pollyanne Bryant	Cary Roloson
	Nancy Anne Dauber	
	Nancilou Davis	
	Ellen De Moe	



Fourth Form

President Nancy Wolcott
 Vice-President Barbara Banghart

Barbara Banghart
 Daria Brown
 Joan De Vries

Nancy Hansen
 Dale Hansmann
 Gabrielle Hiller

Helen Sherman
 Judith Tibbitts
 Nancy Wolcott

Third Form

President Maryl Lee Whipple
 Vice-President Harlene Plotkin

Carolyn Aitchison
 Harlene Plotkin

Adriaen Van Vactor
 Maryl Lee Whipple



Second Form

President Susan Thomas
 Vice-President Ruth Crawford

Carrol Anderson
 Joann Buckley
 Ruth Crawford

Patsy Freeman
 Lynn Hansen
 June Padley

Trevor Stamp
 Susan Thomas
 Camma Ward

First Form

President Jean McFadden
 Vice-President Julia Jane Snow

Frances Galbraith
 Joy Garner
 Sylvia Hiller

Jean McFadden
 Marcia Newman

Louise Noble
 Julia Jane Snow

Kindergarten

Mary Helen Ayars
 Roberta Crew
 Ann Davidson
 Katherine Gilbert

Catherine King
 Ellen Quicke
 Karin Scott
 Bobby Sellery

Wendy Sullivan
 Joan Tourtelot
 Billy Ward

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

We were to meet promptly at ten o'clock, and the clock in the North Church had just struck. I hurried silently toward Henry's house and finally arrived. He was waiting, with the note in his hand. We were to take this note from Henry's father to the parson, telling him that the Virginia Assembly had been dissolved and that there would be a secret meeting at Dunlop's house tomorrow at midnight.

It was cold on this night of March 5, 1770, and the snow covered the city of Boston like a blanket. Mother had made me wear a muffler so that the frost would not nip my ears. Arm in arm, down the street we went, our feet crunching in the snow and leaving a regiment of foot-prints behind us. Once in a while I would throw a snowball at a door, but soon a face would pop out of a window and stare at us, two mischievous fourteen-year-olds. We could not talk much about the detestable acts that Parliament was passing to punish the colonists, because just around the corner stood two British sentries, on guard.

Suddenly there sounded a clanging fire-bell. As we were searching for the fire, all the people began to pour out of their houses into the streets. Even though there was no fire, they kept streaming out in excitement.

Meanwhile we advanced to the parson's home. Just as we turned the corner, I saw something very tempting. Standing proudly beside a lamp post was a British soldier with his musket in hand. How straight he stood and with what an air of satisfaction! As the moon shone upon the snow, it also shone upon a large, round, gold button on the soldier's red coat. My, how it sparkled, and what a perfect target. Thoughtfully and quietly I crouched to the ground, picked up a handful of snow, made a snowball, and rose to my feet, aiming it perfectly. With a quick jerk of the arm, it was off, sailing through the air; and "plop," it landed squarely on the button and covered part of the red coat with snow. The soldier's stern face turned, and he called some other soldiers to him. "Go after them," he said. We had been seen! We ran for all that we were worth. Each step went

deeper into the snow. Soon a soldier was behind me. I tried to reason with him and tell him that it was only in fun, but his brawny hands were twisting my arm until I was shrieking with pain.

One after another the people that had gathered in the streets came to my aid. Some came with muskets in their arms. One jumped on the soldier from the rear and hit him over the head. The alarm spread. More soldiers came, until there were about a dozen. They fought right and left, occasionally firing a shot. Suddenly a man fell to the ground. He had been killed. More were killed as the battle raged on. Smoke was in the air from gunpowder. The redcoats pierced with their bayonets anyone who dared attack them.

After I was freed, I tried to get out of the crowd. Slowly I felt something moving into my back, and I thought it was Henry trying to push me out. However, I was sadly mistaken. As I jerked myself around to see what the matter was, there, standing before me, was a soldier with his gun poked into me. He spoke in a frightening deep voice, "Three soldiers have been killed and you started it all. You little fool. We don't need you around here any more." The blood rushed to my head, and my thoughts were circulating in a daze of blackness. I felt the gun against my body. Was it the end for me?

Out of the crowd darted a small figure. He ran up behind the soldier, hit him on the head with a stone, took his gun, and pulled me along out into the clearing. From the light of the moon, I could see that it was Henry who had saved my life. I was speechless with relief and gratitude. "Henry," was all I could say.

"I wouldn't let that mean soldier kill you," said Henry.

"Something must be done. Those soldiers watch every move the people make," I answered, "and if anyone says the least thing against the king, they try to kill him."

"America's got to be rid of tyranny!" said Henry.

"Yes," I answered. "America must be free."

Gertrude Munns, VIII Form

THE VICTOR

Over the wall I could just see the heads of three small boys, bent in concentration. I doubt if they had ever put this much effort into their school work. I heard the smallest of the three say, "I don't know exactly what to do." "Yep," agreed the red-haired boy, "you sure are in a tough spot." "If I were you," said the third, "I'd . . ." "Well, you aren't, so keep quiet," came the retort. "Come on, Billy, we haven't all day," said the red-head. "I know, I know," replied Billy, crossly. "Hurry up," said the third. "Oh, all right." . . . Plunk. There was the sound a piece of glass hitting glass. "I hit it! I hit it!" screamed Billy. I rounded the corner then and found three little boys playing marbles.

—Eva-Myra Larson, VIII Form

STOCK SHOW

A cold wind was coming from an open window above him. He stood hanging his head, his tongue out and his eyes watering. Every now and then, he coughed; and the cough would make him shake. This was the prize bull of the stock show who, just yesterday, had held his head so high when the blue ribbon was pinned upon him. Now, he had shipping fever, and they had had to put a blanket over him. —Amy Davis, VIII Form

LOOKING UP

*I looked up above
at the birds in the sky.*

*I kept on looking
as they flew by.*

*They perched in the trees
and flew to the ground;
Then they darted off
and flew around.*

*Their wings were all sparkling
and dazzling, as they
Flew through the air
on this early spring day.
They sang joyous songs
to their mates as they flew,
And you wished that they
were singing to you.*

—Georgine Nock, VIII Form

PERFECT

The whole room was done in blue and white, and the green festoon on the edge made a perfect frame for the beautiful bride who stood at the altar. Her blonde hair was caught into a roll, and her veil of ice-blue that matched her dress was set on the back of her head. Her eyes were almost the color of the flowers that she was carrying. As she smiled, she seemed to me to be perfect; and I wondered where she had met the fine young man at her side. Had they grown up together, or had it been a college romance? The wind turned the page; and I realized that she was not a real bride, but just a picture that I was looking at. —Mary Sutter, VIII Form

SHADOWED LANE

In Vermont there is a lane over which I have tramped many times. In the height of the summer season, soft rays of sunlight play delicately upon its gravelled path. Many turns and twists are like so many little lanes put into one. Squirrels, rabbits, and even an indignant black-and-white-tailed skunk scuttle quickly across the lane going about their business happily. On one side of the lane is a mountain, dense with trees; on the other, a lake, lapping gently, hidden by tall stately birches. I feel completely alone except for the chatter of many birds. Peace, quiet, solitude reign. Would that all the world were like this!

—Maryella Garner, VII Form

WRITING POETRY

*When I have a poem to write,
All the words I know take flight.*

*I muse upon a rhyme for "spring,"
But from my brain comes not a thing.*

*Now "murmur" has a lovely sound,
But its rhyming word cannot be found.*

*It's easy to match a word with "mask,"
But to use it correctly is quite a task.*

*When I'm sure I have a rhyme,
I find my phrase is not in time.*

*So here I sit and scratch my head,
Until it's time to go to bed.*

—Dolores Tabin, VI Form

TOMORROW I'LL START

Step, step. The coast was clear so far. Two more steps. What was that? No, just my imagination. I opened the door and looked around the room. Nobody was there. How wonderful! At last, a chance to eat without mother or daddy saying, "Ah, Ah! Remember your diet!" and right now I had to concentrate on getting one of those lovely cream pastries on the sideboard. At last I picked one and bit into it. It seemed to melt on my tongue. Tomorrow I would start my diet, but today,—with the war and everything—I would *not* let those lovely pastries go to waste.

"Christie, Christie. Come say good-bye to Auntie May." I stuffed the remainder of the pastry into my mouth and hurriedly left the room. But, alas! I forgot to wipe my hands, and to wipe them on my velveteen dress would be fatal. I would just have to evade shaking hands with Auntie May.

"Oh, there you are, Christie! Auntie May is leaving, and I want you to say good-bye to her," said mother, casting a suspicious glance at my mouth. "Shake hands with Auntie May, dear, and say good-bye."

I offered my left hand, since my right hand was sticky with pastry. Mother again looked at me with suspicion. Perhaps I'd better be another George Washington; then maybe she wouldn't punish me so much. I said immediately: "Please, mother, I'll start my diet tomorrow."

She looked at me with surprise and began to laugh. I knew then that all was well.

—Christie Lasater, VIII Form

THE VAGABOND

*I've followed the sun as it went down;
I've traveled through many a city and town,
To leave one life, to lead another,
In a place that was much lovelier;
And always when comes the spring,
I'm up again and traveling.
When the night turns into day,
Then once more, I'm on my way.
May I always wake up again
To travel river, dale, and plain;
To lead the life so dear to me,
To be a vagabond, carefree.*

—Carol Folley, VIII Form

THE STORM

Blue was the west sky; but to the east, a bank of clouds had formed out over the sea. As it drew closer and closer, I hurried to the cottage, and stood on the porch waiting for the storm to break. Far out, the sky trembled, and rumbling sounds shook the air. A faint drizzle soon clogged the screen. I could see one last figure leaving the beach. The storm was upon us now, and the rain beat heavily against the roof and rattled down the drain. Palms swept the ground with a swishing sound, and the clouds hovered above us loweringly. Breakers lashed the shore, tossing long, tangled pieces of seaweed high on the beach and shifting the rippling designs upon the shore. The wind rose again in a great blast, driving the clouds in front of it. The mist cleared over the sea, and only a few drops fell from the palms. How quickly the storm had come and gone. I hastened to the beach to hunt for treasures that the tide had left behind.

—Henrietta Lizars, VIII Form

TOO SMALL

Eager eyes in a four-year-old spy a drinking fountain, gurgling an invitation to refresh a sticky, dry mouth. On tip-toe, with muscles taut and neck stretched, the little figure makes a desperate effort to reach the tempting water. Alas, the little fellow is too short. All this time, an elderly man stands watching the child. Now he comes over and offers aid; but the boy shakes his head, "I'm not thirsty, any more," he says.

—Diane Beersman, VIII Form

STORM

*The thunder rumbles in the dark,
And lightning stabs the sky;
A high wind moans a wild refrain,
While rain goes driving by.*

—Soosy Evans, VIII Form

*The snow lies deep upon the ground,
But all around me I hear sound
That makes me sure that spring is near.
Each morning when I wake, I hear
The Red Bird's call, so loud and clear.*

—Thelma Barnes, VIII Form

NICKIE

Nickie became a member of our family in 1933. She was only a pup then, but now she is nine years old. Her mother was a Great Dane, but we don't know what her father was. Everyone who comes to our house who does not live in our neighborhood says, "My what a big dog you have! She's the biggest one I've seen." But if they only knew the size of the other dogs in our neighborhood they would exclaim, "Why, Nickie's the smallest dog around here!"

Nickie is very sensitive. If you punish her at all she will put her tail between her legs and go to a corner and not look at you for hours. When she first came to our house, she had never been in a house before. She chewed

up all the pillows and some of mother's purses and shoes because no one had ever taught her differently. We found that gentle words were better than cross ones. In fact, she can't stand to have anyone raise his voice in the house. You can see now that she is very sensitive.

Nickie has never bitten or tried to bite anyone. I have a cat and of course Nickie doesn't like the idea of having a new little something running around the house. No, she doesn't hurt her but she will walk away and feel hurt.

Nickie is a wonderful dog and I'll never find a better one.

—Estelle Blunt, VI Form

THE WRONG BOTTLE

The shampoo bottle and the cod-liver oil bottle looked very much alike and one could only distinguish them by the white labels on them. One day my mother called me to give me some cod-liver oil. She took a bottle without looking to see the label on it and measured out a dose for me. I took it, but it did not taste at all like cod-liver oil. It stung my mouth and made my eyes smart. It tasted so awful that I began to dance about the room with pain. I hoped that I would not have to take this every day. My mother told me not to make such a fuss. She decided to take some. When she took it, she began to complain, too, and said there was something strange about it. We went downstairs to breakfast. My apple juice tasted like prune juice. We noticed that there was a soapy flavor to everything we ate. Almost at the same moment my mother and I realized that we had both taken shampoo oil instead of cod-liver oil.

—Joanna McWilliams, VII Form

IN FAIRYLAND

Jane Smith sat under a willow tree day-dreaming. All of a sudden she jumped up with a start. "Where am I?" she said aloud. She was in a different place. She was in fairyland. Just ahead of her was a palace covered with rubies. Jane, finding nobody in sight, walked in. In the middle of the room stood a large throne. Jane walked up to it, sat down, and began to think. She decided she would pretend to be the queen. She saw a buzzer, pressed it, thinking nothing would happen. The door opened with a creaky sound. In front of her stood a queer-looking man.

"What would you like, your highness?"

"Nothing," Jane stammered.

"I will bring you a glass of water," said the queer man. He brought the water and without warning threw it upon her. Everything vanished. She was once more under the willow tree. Her brother had thrown water on her.

—Patricia Meyers, VII Form

THE WEATHER MAN

*The weather man's been mean this year,
There hasn't been a break
To get out in the cold, clear air,
To slide and ski and skate.*

*When it might snow it turns to rain,
And when it's clear it's 'way "below."
What chance do we have to get outdoors,
And have some fun in the snow?*

—Estelle Blunt, VI Form

THE BALLOON MAN

Every Sunday afternoon Tony, a jovial balloon man, shuffles up our side street. His ruddy, weather-beaten face beams with a jolly smile. His snappy black eyes and bushy moustache seem to go together perfectly. He wears a shabby coat, baggy trousers, and run-over shoes which he has worn on many a trip up and down streets trying to sell his balloons to young children. Hanging from his belt he has a tiny brass horn. When he blows it, he knows many children will gather around him to hear him tell a fantastic story of his homeland. His eyes twinkle as he spins his tale. Big eyes grow bigger still as the children watch the balloons which look like great bubbles dipped in a rainbow. By the time he sells a few of his balloons it is supper-time for the children. He travels on his way home, no doubt anticipating a steaming plate of spaghetti.

—Ardis Kuhnen, VII Form

ONE MERRY CHRISTMAS MORNING

*One merry Christmas morning day,
I came downstairs so happy and gay,
And then I saw amid shining glories
A beautiful book so full of stories.*

*I went to see the Christmas tree,
And see what Santa had left for me.
I ran to my stocking and opened it up,
And guess what I saw? A little white pup!*

—Ellen De Moe, V Form

POEMS

*Whenever I write a poem,
I always get mixed up.
I never know what to write,
And when I think I have a rhyme
It doesn't seem to go in time.
So for our assignment I have none
When all the other girls are done.*

—Nancilou Davis, V Form

THE CAR IN THE NIGHT

*The road is dark,
Then comes a spark
That is a light,
Which grows so bright.*

*The motor hums
As it nearer comes,
Then flashes by
Into the night.*

—Mary Jane Steele, VII Form

THE SIXTH GRADE BAKE SALE

On Thursday, February 26, 1942, the Sixth Grade had a bake sale. The purpose of the bake sale was to raise money to buy an American Flag for our room. Wednesday we made posters to put up in the different parts of the school.

That night all the girls made something to sell. Among the variety of things were about four dozen sandwiches, deviled eggs, brownies, fudge, cookies, and many other nice things.

We arranged the food to sell on card tables which we had brought from home. At ten-thirty Flo, Ellen Thomas, and I went to the primary school and had a small sale there. Then we came back to the gymnasium corridor where we held the bake sale. Soon the crowd came and we were all sold out after recess. We made \$13.58.

—Ellin Wynne, VI Form

BLUE BOY

*I like to ride on Blue Boy
When the chilling autumn breeze
Makes my nimble little pony
Go trotting through the trees.*

*I like to ride on Blue Boy
In the early morning dew,
When the lake among the pine trees
Reflects the sky's deep blue.*

—Cary Roloson, V Form

SPRING

*The tulips are blooming,
And nothing is gloomy.*

*The robins are singing,
The church bells are ringing.*

*Children are playing,
While flowers are swaying.*

*Everyone's gay
This lovely spring day.*

—Helen Aitchison, V Form

FLUFFY

I know a little dog and his name is Fluffy. He gets into mischief all the time. I remember one time when I was out walking and I saw Fluffy go into a neighbor's yard, then he hid behind a tree and waited. Soon a man came up to the back door. He was carrying a package. He put it on the door-step and went away. Fluffy came up to the package and ran away with it. We found out later that it was steak for the family's dinner.

Another time he went out walking with his

master. He did not have a leash. Something attracted his master's attention, so Fluffy sneaked away. Three days later he came back. You should have seen him. He was so dirty that he looked like a piece of coal. He had a big cut on his left foot, and other scratches and cuts. There was a man with him, who said that Fluffy came to him in a terrible condition. He knew whose dog it was from the license on his collar. Fluffy was never bad again.

—Barbara Baughart, IV Form

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

We had a Christmas party at school. The Fifth Form gave it for the Sixth Form. We made the favors ourselves, from red cellophane, red ribbon, and red cups. We had stick candy and peppermint candy.

Pollyanne brought a little white tree with lights on it, and Ellen brought a tree that played music. We had cookies and candy. We ordered ice cream from the store and bought fancy napkins and paper plates. Nancilou brought a cake.

The day before, the Sixth Form put up decorations for us and even a Christmas tree that they had trimmed.

We invited Mrs. Preston and Miss Barclay. They both came. We had loads of fun.

—Cary Roloson, V Form

OUR ASSEMBLY

The Fourth Form had assembly on Thursday, October sixteenth. We told about the invention of the telescope.

The First, Second and Third Forms sang "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Some of the girls told about Lippershey, Galileo and Herschel who invented the telescopes. Others dramatized what might have happened when they invented the telescopes. One girl told about the telescopes today. Then the Fourth Form sang "Creations Hymn."

Many of the mothers came to see our assembly. My mother learned a lot from it.

—Helen Sherman, IV Form

MY HOME

I used to live in Switzerland. I had a big house with a farm beside it. It was white with a garden all around it. My grandmother owned the house, the farm, and the garden. In the garden were four apple trees, three peach trees, and many cherry trees.

In summer my grandmother invited my three cousins to visit us. We would play in the garden and pick apples and other fruits from the trees. We would have fun in the barn on the farm and roll in the hay.

One day, mother had sad news for us. She said that my parents, my sister, and I were to go to America. I was very much excited to go to America, but I was very sad to leave Switzerland, but I had to go.

—Gabrielle Hiller, IV Form

THE CHRIST CHILD

*The moon shone bright
On the night
Of Christmas eve,
The Christ Child was born
Under oxen horn.*

*Mary prayed
As she laid
Jesus Christ on the hay.
The hay was the bed,
For his wee little head.*

*Angels looked at the babe,
While wise men gifts they laid.
Shepherds came, too,
Bringing lambs and flowers,
Watching the babe for many hours.*

—Joan De Vries, IV Form

MY PETS

I have a little dog named Fluffy. He is a dark brown Pekinese. He has a bushy tail that curls up. He has floppy ears, and a pug nose. He is a short dog. He can sit up in my highchair and I can dress him in my baby clothes. He can drink out of a doll's baby bottle, and can eat from a spoon.

I have a big dog, too. His name is Ripper. He is a Great Dane. He is tall and has pointed ears and a long tail.

His coat is gray. I used to dress him as a high-school girl, but now I can't because he was hit by an automobile, and one of his shoulders was broken.

I also have a cute pony named Brownie, but I really named him Brownie-Bucking-Bronco-Brown. He has a black mane and tail and the rest of him is brown. He is a Shetland pony. He is a rascal because he bucks and kicks.

—*Daria Brown, IV Form*

WHEN IT RAINS

I like it when it rains. Sometimes I go out in the rain. We have a well and when it rains the well is full of water. I like to ride my bicycle in the rain. It is fun. I like to walk in the rain.

—*Ginger Aitchison, III Form*

AN EXCITING STORY

Once I went on a boat. I rowed the boat with my mother and my cousins in it. I rowed very far out in the water. I had put some turtles in the boat. Mother laughed when she saw the turtles in the boat.

—*Patsy Freeman, II Form*

MY NEIGHBORHOOD

We have many friends in our neighborhood. I like my neighborhood because we have so many friends there. In the winter we can do so many things together. There are two schools in our neighborhood. There are some big houses and some little houses. We have big trees. It is a pretty neighborhood I think.

—*Susan Thomas, II Form*

THE PRINCESS AND PRINCE

Once there was a princess. She was pretty. Her brother was a prince. They were only five and were twins. One day the prince said to his sister, "Come, we will play that you are a mermaid and I am just a fish in the water." "Do you think we may play in the garden?" said the girl. Said the boy, "Let us ask father now." Hand in hand they ran to ask their father. Their father said, "No, because there is a robber in there. You might get hurt." But the children disobeyed and the next morning they weren't there. Do you know where they are? Nobody knows.

—*Harlene Plotkin, III Form*

WINTER FUN

In the winter time people go ice skating, sleigh riding, and skiing. There are some people who do not like winter and some who do like it. I like winter. This winter I had a hard experience learning how to ice skate. All day one Sunday I worked on learning how to skate. I couldn't keep the blade from turning out.

—*Mary Lee Whipple, III Form*

WHEN IT RAINS

When it rains the sky is dark. Clouds fill the misty sky and down comes the rain. Out comes the rain fairy and all the other little fairies. They play and play until out pops Mr. Sun and they fly away!

—*Adriaen Van Vactor, III Form*

MAKING BUTTER

We made butter at school. Joann brought some cream to school. Lynn brought a glass jar to school. We put the cream into the glass jar and shook and shook it. At last it turned to butter. We washed it to get all the milk out. We put it outside for a while so it would get hard. Then we put the butter on some crackers and ate it. It tasted very good. Ruth was supposed to bring the crackers but she was sick so we had to go over to the lunchroom and get some. When I went home I asked my maid if I could make some butter at home but she said, "No."

—*June Padley, II Form*

OUR KINDERGARTEN

We made a train in kindergarten. It was the Four Hundred. It went to Milwaukee and Minneapolis. Bobby was the conductor, Billy was the engineer, and we were the passengers. We also made a school. We had a desk, and we took turns being the teacher. It was fun.

We have a squirrel that likes to come to our window. We feed him bread. He eats some of it and some of it he takes home to his babies.

—*The Kindergarten*

ABOUT MR. BONES

Mr. Bones is a funny donkey. He is little and fat and he has long ears. You have to get acquainted with him before you can ride on him. He loves apples. They are his favorite fruit. Mr. Woods owns Mr. Bones.

—*Buster Stamp, II Form*

OUR JACK-O'-LANTERN

We have two big jack-o'-lanterns in our class. One has a happy face and one has a cross face. Joann brought one pumpkin and I brought the other one. Susan brought the candle. We lighted the jack-o'-lanterns and put them on the table in our schoolroom.

—*Ruth Crawford, II Form*

THE SUN

The sun is very very far away from us. It gives us light and heat. The sun is very big and if we were near it we would burn up. The world goes around the sun and makes spring, summer, fall, and winter.

—*Lynn Hansen, II Form*

SNOW, SNOW

*Snow, snow falling down,
Reaching to the end of town,
It covers all the bare, bare ground
And trees and housetops all around.*

—*Joann Buckley, II Form*

THANKSGIVING

*Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day.
It's going to be quite gay.
All the day I'm going to play.
I hope our turkey does not get away.*

—*Carrol Anderson, II Form*

*The cardinal is red,
And he ought to be fed.*

—*Jean McFadden, I Form*

*The blue-jay is blue,
And he wants to eat, too.*

—*Joy Garner, I Form*

FEATURE

School Statistics for 1941-1942

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
ABILITY TO WRITE	Hendry	Claghorne, Zischke ..	Moore	Dawes
BEST ARTIST	Linthicum	Russell	Harrington ..	Spooner
LARGEST APPETITE	Ives, Linthicum	Nock	Burgess	Stafford
BEST BLUFFER	Armstrong	Zischke	Hughes	Sherritt, Stene
BEST STUDENT	Hendry	Tabin	Dennis	Haskell
BEST ATHLETE	Thomas	Holloway	Piries	Dean, Hough
BEST ACTRESS	Conley	Peake	Edwards	Kerr
CLASS BACKBONE	Goushá	Russell	Hughes	Dean
ALL-AROUND SPORT	Morrissey	Mueller, Russell ..	Grulee	Dean
ON WRONG SIDE OF FACULTY.	Jordan	Class	Seaman	Sherritt
BIGGEST GOSSIP	Class	Peake	Hughes	Snyder
NICEST DISPOSITION	Bradley	Russell	Harrington ..	Burr
SENSE OF HUMOR	Tilden	Johnson	Class	Sullivan
MOST SOPHISTICATED	Armstrong	Alther	Hughes	Haskell
MOST CHARMING	Conley	Fitzgerald	Edwards	Dawes, Curtis
BEST LOOKING	Gillfillan	Fitzgerald	Parkhill	Dean
GLAMOUR GIRL	Armstrong	Alther	Parkhill	Curtis
CAREER GIRL	Thomas	Nock	Moore	Spooner
BEST DRESSED	Wickman	Moore	Piries	Curtis
FIRST TO GET MARRIED	Wickman	Potts	Parkhill	Sherritt
ROYCEMORE GIRL		BABS THOMAS		

Favorites for 1941-1942

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
EXPRESSION	"But Miss Hagerty"	"Killfiss"	Yea Martin!	Oh nuts!
POPULAR SONG ...	Do It Again	Moonlight Cocktail	Blues in the Night	Blues in the Night
ORCHESTRA	Glen Miller	Glen Miller	Glen Miller	Gene Krupa
MAGAZINE	Esquire	Esquire	True Story	Life
MOVIE	Honky Tonk	Dumbo	Sundown	Dumbo
PLAY	Senior Plays	The Corn Is Green	Claudia	Panama Hattie
GIRLS' COLLEGE ..	Vassar	Wellesley	Sweet Brier	Vassar
BOYS' COLLEGE ...	Dartmouth	Dartmouth	Yale	Harvard
SPORT	Tennis	Hockey	Swimming	Horseback Riding
MAKE OF CAR ...	Ford, Pontiac	Buick, Ford	Buick	Mercury
ACTOR	Bob Hope	Laurence Olivier	Stirling Hayden ..	Errol Flynn
ACTRESS	Bette Davis	Bette Davis	Bette Davis	Olivia de Haviland
BOOK	Barchester Towers	Macbeth	Plutarch's Lives ..	Northwest Passage

Calendar

September 7: Thoughts of school suggest themselves to eager minds of Roycemore "to-be-students."

September 8: Seniors breathless upon *first* entrance into Senior Assembly for *first* Senior Class meeting.

September 26: Seniors find at school party that Primary School offers a bit of competition.

October 31: Carmen Miranda electrifies the señoritas of Roycemore in the form of a new Freshman!

December 19: Lusty lungs proclaim Christmas is near.

December 20: Social circles making Roycemore's girls dizzy.

December 26: Seniors reveal "Their Men" at the Camellia House to their classmates. (Oh, the world of reality!)

January 17: Mrs. Preston's Petits Pets up till 5 A. M. asking themselves, "Oh, why didn't I concentrate during Review Week?"

January 18: Exams. Girls confused.

January 19: Upon reading exams, teachers confused.

January 27: Seniors, rehearsing the Show of the Year, suspect an organization descriptively called "The Daisy Chain."

February 7: R. S. G. A. Sway. Mme. McAllister thrills girls with a bright red gown.

February 12: Miss McKenzie and Mrs. Wright find themselves exposed to "Cahoots."

February 20: Talents revealed in heretofore unknown actresses from the southwest wing of the school.

February 21: Seniors sleep while fans clamor at their doors.

March 1: Wickman and Dean knit socks for———.

March 5: Dean drops a stitch. Wickman gives up knitting.

March 11: Secret of the missing ladle revealed!

March 13: Griffin deadline. Very dead.

March 28: Palio winners' ecstatic animal spirits run loose.

April 6: The animal spirits return—rested?

June 5: Semester ends, but we won't talk about that. Anyway, who knows?

—Thérèse Jordan, XII Form

ROYCEMORE SET TO MUSIC

"With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair"	Red Feather hikes
"Blues in the Night"	Homework
"When Day Is Done"	Still at Dramatics
"Donkey Serenade"	Freshman-Sophomore Chorus
"And the Angels Sing"	Christmas Program
"Deep in a Dream"	Before exams
"I'll Never Smile Again"	Monday after exams
"Time and Time Again"	Re-examinations
"Three O'Clock in the Morning"	R. S. G. A. Sway
"Practice Makes Perfect"	Palio
"Lovely to Look At"	Roycemore Seniors (at Commencement)
"Let's Get Away From It All"	Vacation

—Ann Haskell, Marcia Sullivan, K. O. Dawes, IX Form

Information, Please

	<i>Noted for</i>	<i>Weakness</i>
MISS McKENZIE	Hard tests	Chocolate creams
MISS PARKS	Going to Minonk	Mathematical puzzles
MISS HAGERTY	Good posture	Nestlé bars
MISS HJERMSTAD	'Coon coat	Locker warnings
MISS COX	Fresh air	Maine
MISS BACON	"Little Joe"	Student government
MRS. McALLISTER	Friendliness	Paris
MISS WARNEKE	Beaux	Vassar
MRS. PRESTON	Patience	The low-down
MISS RICE	Air mail specials	Papa Ted
MISS CAHILL	Cute clothes	Colomba
MRS. WRIGHT	Hating birds	Mozart
FACULTY	Conspiracies	Friday

—Ann Johnson, Pat Holloway, Sue Potts, XI Form

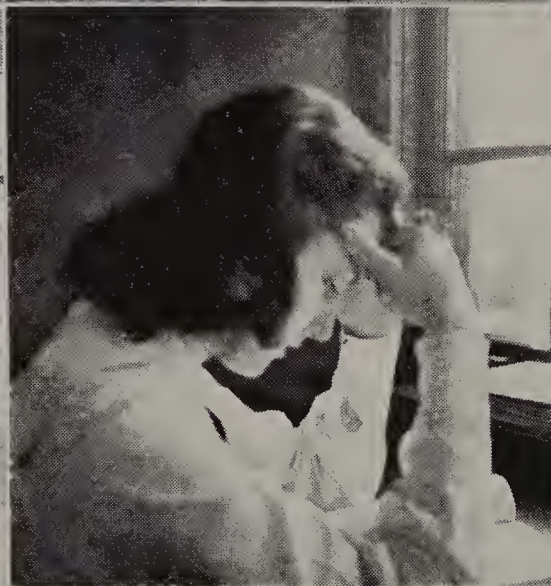
STATISTICS

PERSONALITY	Mrs. McAllister
POISE	Miss Warneke
GLAMOUR	Miss Cahill
SENSE OF HUMOR	Mrs. Wright
BEST DRESSED	Miss Cahill
BEST BLUFFER	Miss Parks
BEST SINGER	Mrs. Kohlsaas
BEST DANCER	Miss Cahill
BEST ATHLETE	
	Miss Bacon and Miss Hjermstad
BEST ACTRESS	Miss Rice
BIGGEST GOSSIP	Miss Rice
DIGNITY	Mrs. Preston

WHAT TITLES OF BOOKS REMIND ME OF:

The Crisis	Exam week
All's Well That Ends Well	Exams
The Crossing	70
A Far Country and Lost Horizon	100 or A+
All's Quiet on the Western Front	Senior Study Hall

—Winifred Stene, XI Form

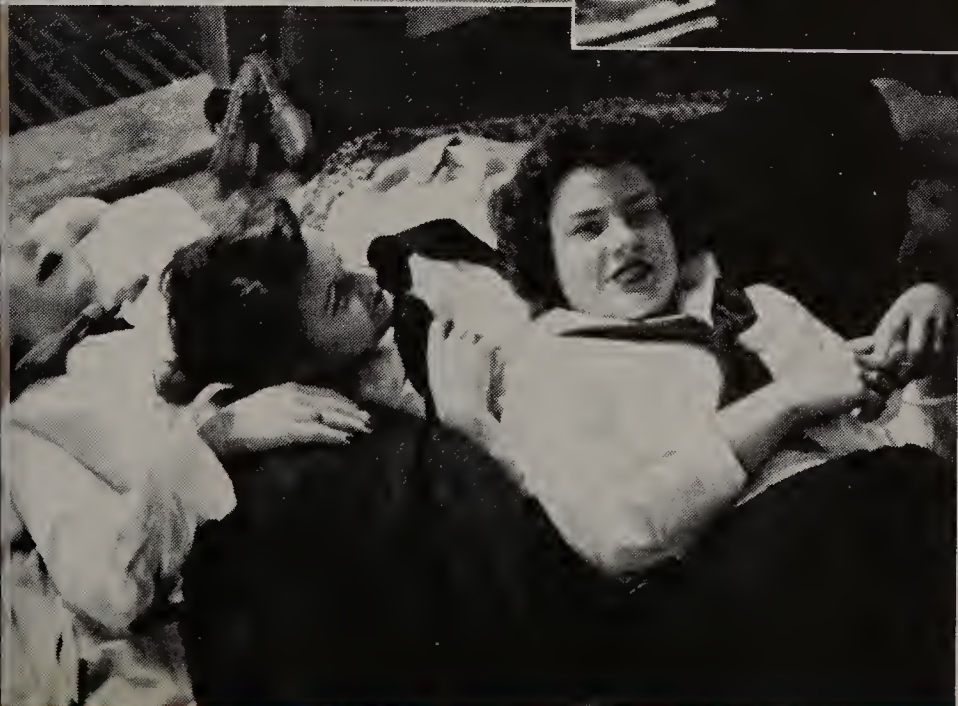
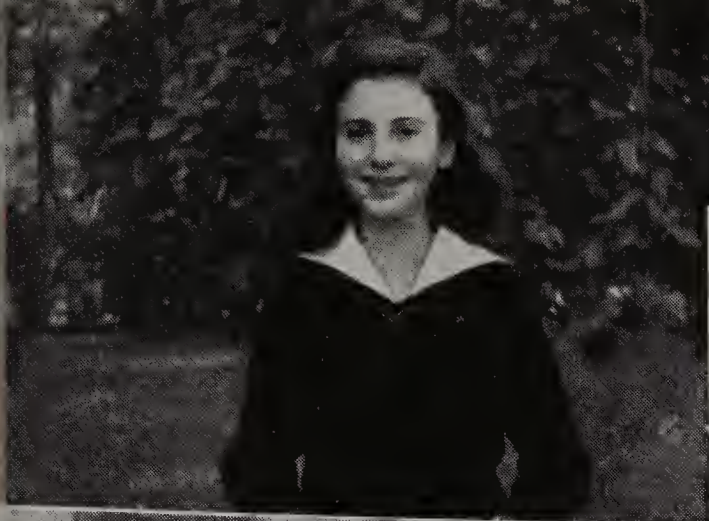


Answers, Please

(Only general information is needed.)

- I. (One Hour)
What is the length of a rope that is three feet wide?
(In answering this question don't bother about the three feet because it's a trick problem.)
- II. (Five seconds)
How many beans are there in a can of baked beans (baked)?
(In answering this question use Heinz' baked beans.)
- III. (As quickly as possible)
When you cross the street are you on the left or right side?
Check one: (a) Left (b) Right (c) Uncertain
- IV. (Five seconds)
"Quoique le pâtissier ne put voir que l'immense bonnet de soie noire environné de noeuds en rubans violets qui servait de coiffure à l'connue, il disparut après avoir jeté à sa femme un regard."
(a) What is a coiffure?
(b) Where is the best place to have that problem corrected?
- V. (Take your time on this one)
What is the Red Feather Club?
(a) An organization for Russians
(b) A new name for the Community Chest
(c) An instrument of torture
- VI. (Thirty minutes)
Write a poem on spring in not more than 1,000 words. Now count the words. How many?
- VII. (C'mon, hurry!)
What is the R. S. G. A.? (Check as many as you think are right.)
(a) Real solid gridiron appeal
(b) Rose Sadie Gene Ahern
(c) Reality seeks good air
(d) Not right off hand
- VIII. (Two hours)
What is the Griffin Board?
(a) A perch for Griffins
(b) A new kind of lumber
(c) A committee of birds
- IX. (Three minutes)
What is Mask and Dirk?
(a) A face-lifting concern
(b) A mud pack
(c) Uncertain

—Janet Linthicum, XII Form



RADIO PROGRAMS

"GIRL INTERNE"Miss Smith
 "HELPING HAND"Martin
 "FARM AND HOME HOUR"Miss Parks
 "FIRESIDE CHAT"Study Hall
 "MUSICAL PICKUP"Miss Bacon
 "LUCKY LADY".....Roycemore graduate
 "HOME EXERCISE FOR FITNESS"
 Hjermie's posture cards
 "FOR WOMEN ONLY"Faculty Room
 "LATIN MOODS".Miss Hagerty on the rampage
 "THE ANSWER MAN"Tabin

FUNNIES

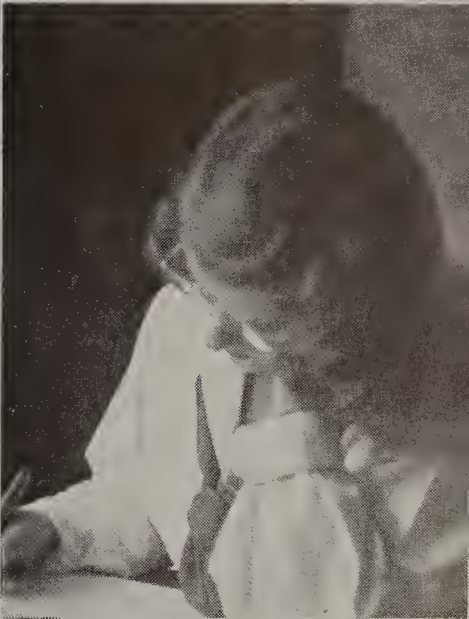
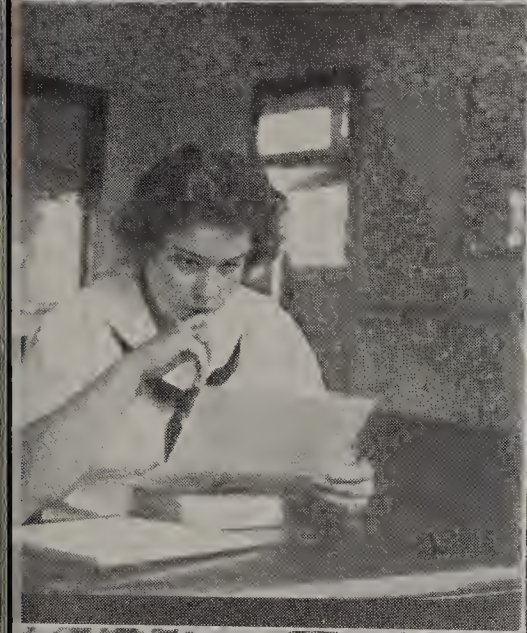
"GASOLINE ALLEY"Chem. Lab.
 "TERRY AND THE PIRATES"
Mrs. Preston and mob
 "TILLIE THE TOILER"Miss Sprague
 "MUTT AND JEFF"Miss Parks and Evie
 "DICK TRACY THE DETECTIVE"
Ricey and Cahoots
 "THE TIMID SOUL"Miss Warneke
 "TINY TIM"Sue Potts
 "THE DESTROYER"Miss McKenzie

MOVIES

"NORTH TO THE KLONDIKE"French Room
 "I WAKE UP SCREAMING"...Monday morning
 "THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"
Roycemore girls trying to get to bed
 "THUNDERING HOOFS"Tap routine
 "SUNDOWN"Rehearsal at an end
 "SING, YOU SINNERS"Thérèse
 "DUMBO"Sophomores
 "WOMAN OF THE YEAR"Mrs. Preston
 "ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"Holiday
 "HELL'ZA POPPIN'"Junior English
 "DANCING LADY"Miss Cahill
 "BIRTH OF THE BLUES"Report cards

—Diane Chamberlaine
 Bette Dilling
 Jacqueline McCurdy
 Joan Moore
 Judy Peake
 Ginny Russell,
 XI Form





<i>Name</i>	<i>Never Without</i>	<i>Characteristic Expression</i>	<i>Favorite Possession</i>
Weona Armstrong "Cuzie"	Glamour	What's Your trouble?	Mufty and Mammy
Peggy Bradley "Brad"	Sunny disposition	Very well	Certain snapshots
Carolyn Conley	Thérèse	Gad!	Black lace lingerie
Gloria Craver	The Juniors	I'm going to the library	Writing paper
Shirley Dean "Shirl"	Excitement	Hidee!	Sigma Nu lockets
Berenice Fleischmann "Bernie"	A broken bone	After-all—	Her window space
Jeanne Goushá "Jeannie"	Comb	Keeks	Dates!
Judy Gillfillan	Experience	It's <i>simply</i> beautiful!	Twins
Joan Harris	Kind word	Let me do it	Dates
Jean Hendry	Dignity	98—What did <i>you</i> get?	Memories of California
Barbara Ives "Barby"	Something to say	—and things like that	Driver's license
Thérèse Jordan	A dramatic gesture	—as it were	Her fiddle
Janet Linthicum "Linth"	The time	Wait a minute, Miss Hagerty	Curtis
Janet Morrissey "Morose"	Humor	Hey, you kids!	Her sister
Shirley Jean Robinson "Shirl"	An apple	Oh say!	Letters
Babs Thomas "Babsie"	Memories	Well?	R. C. A. F. ring
Anne Tilden "Tillie"	A joke	Something?	Her (?) sun lamp
Corinne Veale "Corny"	Her "ball and chain"	Yes, darling!	Henry
Peggy Wickman "Wick"	Smooth clothes	Oh honest!	Schaef
Pearl Anne Wieboldt	Her car	Heh!	Her car
Ann Williamson "Billie"	A friend	Oh-h-h-h-h	Her recreation room

<i>Pet Peeve</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>	<i>Besetting Sin</i>	<i>Probable Fate</i>
Her figure	Enjoying herself	Hair	The ideal desert island companion
"You are my sunshine"	Talking to Thomas on the telephone	Charm	America's ideal wife
Homework	Observing	Calmness	Leader of the 400
School	Talking	Good disposition	America's ideal mother
Jitterbugging	Knitting	Eyelashes	Front row chorus
Crutches	Talking about Al	Patience	Healthy old age
Women	Talking about her dates	A line	Old maid
Monday mornings	Reading	Beauty	Harvard Professor
Weak ankles	Cleaning the black boards	Innocence	Miss America
Noise	Studying	Good marks	Graduation in 1952
Her fingernails	Sleeping	Eyebrows	Wife of a suburban traffic cop
Stokowski	Making dramatic gestures	Dramatic gestures	Ha-ha-a!
Certain juniors	Being frank	Red hair	Pegler's successor
Louis	Athletics	Rosy cheeks	Habitual night clubber
Palio	Doing her nails	Fingernails	Lost at sea
Shirkers	Indoor sports	Eyes	The old assembly line
Ape pictures	Clowning	Quick wit	Vaudeville
Dates minus Henry	Making-up	Hair	Gun-moll
Senior slump	Writing to Schaef	Tiny feet	Marriage at 40
Taking kids home	Driving her car	An air of mystery	Clerk at Field's
Gym	Dancing	Voice	Athletic director

SPRING DANCE

"Hello. Hello! Long distance? For who? Josephine MacDonald? Just a minute, I mean, this is she, Huh? New Haven calling! Yes, I'll take it! What's that? Chumpy Davis, I mean, Botius Davis? Yes, I'll take, I mean this is me, unhh, this is the party he's calling."

"Hello, Chumpy? Yes, this is me."

"What? I can't hear you. Can you speak a little louder?"

"Surprised? I nearly swooned off the chair when the operator said New Haven was calling."

"The Spring Dance! Oh, Chumpy, how wonderful! How simply lush! You're an angel! I mean, of course I can come."

"The seventeenth? That's only next week."

"Oh, Mother will let me go, and she can get Daddy to do anything. Won't Barbara Holland be green . . ."

"Oh, Donny invited Barby, too. How deluxe. We'll have a colossal time."

"Three minutes up? Well, 'bye Chumpy, I'll be seeing you. Thanks a million. It is simply colossal, just superduper of you . . . hunh? Oh, thank you operator."

"Mother, Mother, hey, Mom!"

"Guess what? Chumpy Davis just called me *long distance*, and asked me to the spring fling at *New Haven*."

"I know I said he was a drip, but that was before he was a Yale man. I'm going over to Barbara's now; she's going with Donny White."

"I'll make my bed later. I simply couldn't concentrate on earthly things now."

"Oh, it isn't slippery, and I'll be careful."

"Oooooooooooooohhh! Mother, I slipped — my ankle, oooooooooowwww!"

—Julie Zischke, XI Form

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO SENIORS IF:

Armstrong arrived before 8:35 A. M.;
Brad wasn't perplexed;
Conley forgot her dignity;
Craver didn't hang out in the library;
Dean studied in 2nd period;
Fleischmann was feeling swell;
Gillfillan got a new middy;
Goushá didn't have a date;
Harris didn't erase all the blackboards;
Hendry didn't stick up for California;
Ives didn't get proposed to on weekends;
Jordan stopped waving her arms;
Linthicum went off her diet;
Morrissey couldn't listen to Hope;
Robinson forgot her apple;
Thomas got to bed before one;
Tilden ran out of jokes;
Veale forgot to write to Henry;
Wickman dropped a stitch;
Wieboldt didn't get a letter;
Williamson forgot her girdle.

—Babs Thomas and

Peggy Bradley, XII Form

ROYCEMORE GIRLS

*Roycemore girls are best of all;
They're all so sweet and shy.
You never hear a catty word
Or even a weary sigh.*

*In class rooms, their attention holds,
And never strays a whit;
But if you want to know what's true,
Reverse this, every bit.*

—Clair Curtis, IX Form

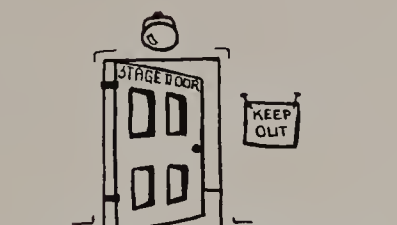


SENIOR SYMBOLS

BY
JANET LINTHICUM



WEDNA ARMSTRONG



PEGGY BRADLEY



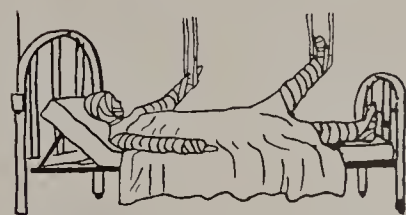
CAROLYN CONLEY



GLORIA CRAVER



SHIRLEY DEAN



BERENICE FLEISCHMANN



JUDY GILLFILLAN



JEANNE GOUGHAN



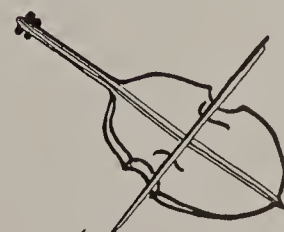
JOAN HARRIS



JEAN HENDRY



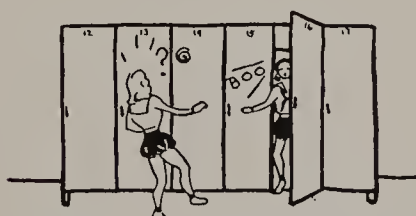
BARBARA IVEY



THÉRÈSE JORDAN



JANET LINTHICUM



JANET MORRISSEY



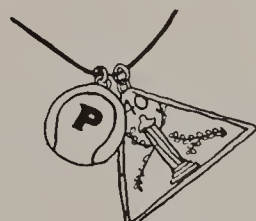
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BOBB THOMAS



ANNE TILDEN



CORINNE VEALE



PEGGY WICKMAN



PEARL ANNE WIEBOLDT



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somebody else is taking our place

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At least we've found it so—
Good luck to all you seniors,
We've yet your way to go.

THE JUNIORS

ADDRESSES

Names and Addresses of the Faculty

1941-1942

MISS MADI BACON 653 Elm Street Winnetka	MRS. JOHN G. McALLISTER 1225 Hinman Avenue Evanston
MISS FRANCES BADGER 156 East Superior Street Chicago	MISS MARION McKENZIE 2209 Ridge Avenue Evanston
MISS MARY E. BARCLAY Greenwood Inn Evanston	MRS. THOMAS S. McKEOWN 823 Ingleside Place Evanston
MISS DOROTHY CAHILL 2106 Orrington Avenue Evanston	MISS FLORENCE NUSSBAUM North Shore Hotel Evanston
MISS JEAN COX 531 Grove Street Evanston	MISS KATHARINE PARKS 1939 Orrington Avenue Evanston
MISS MADELEINE H. EYLAND 2738 Lincoln Street Evanston	MRS. KEITH PRESTON 729 Emerson Street Evanston
MISS LOUISE HAGERTY 1111 Grant Street Evanston	MISS ELINOR RICE 2207 Maple Avenue Evanston
MRS. MARIE HAMER 1210 Wade Street Highland Park	MISS EVELYN ROBINSON 827 Lincoln Street Evanston
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MISS MARIE HJERMSTAD Greenwood Inn Evanston	MISS CLARISSA SMITH 2249 Sherman Avenue Evanston
MISS ANNE HOLMES 1906 Lincoln Street Evanston	MRS. SPENCER D. SMITH 918 Linden Avenue Hubbard Woods
MISS EMMA HOLMES 1906 Lincoln Street Evanston	MISS MILDRED SPRAGUE 2208 Sherman Avenue Evanston
MISS MILDRED HOLT 2020 Sherman Avenue Evanston	MRS. G. LEONARD SULLY 2131½ Ridge Avenue Evanston
MRS. P. B. KOHLSAAT 1405 Judson Avenue Evanston	MISS FLORENCE WARNEKE 810 South Elmwood Avenue Oak Park
MISS LULU LANGSTON North Shore Hotel Evanston	MRS. LAWRENCE S. WRIGHT 2207 Maple Avenue Evanston

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HELEN AITCHISON

595 Lincoln Avenue Glencoe

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CARROL ANDERSON

2420 Orrington Avenue Evanston

POLLY ANDERSON

2427 Central Park Avenue . . . Evanston

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ALICE AYARS

1130 Sheridan Road Evanston

MARY HELEN AYARS

1130 Sheridan Road Evanston

BARBARA BANGHART

8430 Kostner Avenue Skokie

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DIANE BEERSMAN

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1209 Cherry Street Winnetka

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